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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 2

“CHRISTIANITY”—“MORMONISM.”

A. D. 30-106—A. D. 1830-1906.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE FIRST SEVENTY-SIX YEARS
COMPARED.

BY FREDERIC CLIFT, M. D., BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.

Some of those to whom the gospel of Jesus Christ has been revealed, through the teaching of the Prophet Joseph Smith, declare—patterning after the manner of the Scribes and Pharisees of old—that no good can come out of Galilee—Utah. They point to the statements which have been made by contemporaries of the Prophet, as to his alleged ignorance, his mental incapacity, and to his general untrustworthiness and criminal character, as conclusive evidence of fraud, and the impossibility of his being a servant of God—the living oracle of the Father in this day and age. They assert that he was ignorant, poor, and wholly incapable, both mentally and physically, of carrying out such a stupendous fraud; and yet, in the same breath, they claim that he was the originator of it all.

Archdeacon Paley, one of the greatest theologians of the eighteenth century, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, writes:

There is satisfactory evidence that many pretending to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles passed their lives in labors, dangers and sufferings, voluntarily undertaken and undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of the truth of those accounts.

* * * * * Would men in such circumstances pretend to have seen what they never saw—assert facts which they had no knowledge of—*go about lying in order to teach virtue?* * * * * and so persist as to bring upon themselves, for nothing, and with a full knowledge of the consequences, *envy, hatred, danger and death.* * * * * My faith would be much confirmed if a change had been wrought, at that time, in the opinion and conduct of such members, as to lay the foundation of an institution, and of a system of doctrines, which had since over-spread the greatest part of the civilized world.

Referring to St. Paul, Paley, in his work *Horæ Paulinæ*, says:

We see him, in the prosecution of this purpose, traveling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead, expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age; unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. * * * * *The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this.* Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into traditions, into books. But this is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known it to be so.

Such arguments are accepted as conclusive by Christians, when made in support and adduced as evidence in favor of Christianity. Why should not similar evidence apply in the case of "Mormonism?" Joseph Smith and his followers assert the truth of certain miraculous facts—that he had personal interviews with God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ—that he received certain plates and translated therefrom the Book of Mormon—that he and others were visited by angels, who restored to them the divine authority which had been given by Christ to his first apostles, and which had afterwards been taken from their successors in consequence of their apostasy from the true gospel. As a result of such assertions, and because of the belief of the Latter-day Saints in that which has been thus miraculously revealed to them, they endured lives of toil, poverty, persecution, danger and suffering. Many of them, including the Prophet and his brother, were actually put to death because of

such belief; and today, their descendants and those who believe in the teachings of the Prophet are ostracised in every community, and are frequently assaulted and cruelly treated by so-called Christians. Further, following Paley's argument, such changes have been wrought in the opinions and conduct of their converts and members, as to lay the foundation of an institution, and of a system of doctrines, which has since overspread the greatest part of the world —"all nations, kindreds and tongues."

It is not my purpose to do more than to suggest a line of thought, and to urge upon our missionaries the importance of a careful study, not only of Paley, but of other theological writers. Latter-day Saints are Christians in the fullest sense of the term. That which proves the truth of the gospel, as delivered by Christ himself, must, of necessity, prove the truth of so-called "Mormonism," for "Mormonism" is the gospel of Christ in its pristine purity, stripped of the mundane accretions of the early and middle centuries of the Christian era.

The occurrences connected with the founding of Christianity and "Mormonism" are now matters of history. - What, then, does history tell us about Christianity—Christ the Savior? And what has it to say about "Mormonism"? - Joseph the Prophet? The early followers of Christ were first called Christians at Antioch. The name was used as a term of reproach; in like manner, Latter-day Saints are called "Mormons"—the true and faithful followers of Christ are proud of both names.

The enemies of Joseph Smith claim, among other things, that he was low-born, a fraud, a criminal. The Jews, *circa* A.D. 30-33, said of Christ the Savior:

He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils. (Luke 14: 15.)

This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of devils. (Matt. 12: 34.)

If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? (Matt. 10: 25.)

The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a man glutinous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. (Matt. 11: 13.)

Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? (Matt. 9: 11.)

This man blasphemeth. (Matt. 9: 3.)

He is beside himself. (Mark 3: 21.)

He hath a devil and is mad, why hear ye him? (John 10: 20.)

Why go ye about to kill me? The people answered and said, Thou hast a devil. (John 7: 19, 20.)

Have the Scribes and Pharisees, the chief priests and elders, the Christian ministers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, been able to find a more opprobrious name for Joseph Smith than Beelzebub? If not, then the mere calling of Joseph bad names does not make it evidence of the falsity of his claim to be an inspired prophet of the Most High God.

The prophet of the nineteenth century found but little honor in his own country. Could it be otherwise? Jesus himself testifies:

A prophet hath no honor in his own country. (John 4: 44.)

Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him? (John 7: 48.)

Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Jude and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house. (Mark 6: 2-4.)

For neither did his brethren believe in him. (John 7: 5.)

So we find with the Prophet Joseph. Not all of his family, and but few from his home state of New York, believed in him.

Even after his crucifixion, some of the disciples of Jesus believed, whilst others did not.

His disciples * * * * believed the scripture and the word which Jesus had said. (John 11: 22.)

And they went and told it unto the residue,—(the other apostles) neither believed they them. (Mark 16: 13.)

Christ, a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense (I Peter 2: 8.)

So with Joseph, after his martyrdom, many of his followers believed not in the divinity of his work. Is it surprising, therefore, that the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by Joseph, has in these latter, as in former, days been *a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense to the world at large?* In Palestine, it was so to Judas, and the Prophet Joseph encountered many Iscariots, both within and without the church he was appointed to preside over. Among those who apostatized or were excommunicated we find—Sidney Rigdon, 8th Sept., 1845; William Smith, a brother of the Prophet, 12th Oct., 1845; John E. Page, 27th June, 1846. William Smith, the brother, after his apostasy, took up with Strang, and later was associated with the organizers of the Re-organites.

Christ fore-knew that the faithful would have to undergo persecution, danger and suffering. Joseph Smith was told—"that his name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues." The evidence of subsequent events has proved the accuracy of this prophecy, which, given as it was, is evidence of the inspiration of Joseph, himself. The lowering clouds soon broke. Joseph was thrust into prison, or brought before judges, some fifty times,—and as many times acquitted—no guile being found in him. The first elders of the Church shared his toils, mob-bings, imprisonment, poverty, danger and exile. In November, 1833, twelve hundred men, women and children, were driven from their homes, in Jackson Co., into the wilderness. A number of the Saints were killed and others died from exposure. Over two hundred houses were burned, in addition to a store and grist-mill. In November 1838, the Prophet and others were tried, by court-martial, and condemned to be shot. The hour of execution was set, and preparations were being made for carrying it out, but Joseph, in what seemed to be the closing minutes of their lives, prophesied and told his fellow prisoners that the Lord had made it known to him that not one of them should die at that time. The mob were led to disagree among themselves, with the result that after a lengthy imprisonment, the Prophet and all his companions were saved alive and regained their liberty.

Persecution and danger has been the lot of the "Mormon" missionary up to the present time, and even in later years, many, while in their fields of labor, have suffered death by violence. They are driven from one city to preach in the next. They sacrifice ease and safety, and are undismayed by the prospect of death. The Scribes and Pharisees, of these latter days,—like the Jews of old—by lying and false witness, suggest the various crimes with which the Saints are charged, and they continue to instigate proscription and persecution, in order to stay the hand of the Lord. But the work of Christ continues to roll on. The small stone cut out of the mountain still grows, and it is filling the whole earth. The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the Church, and but few of the nations and kindreds of the earth now remain to have brought to them the tidings of great joy.

If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you. (John 15: 20.)

Ye shall be betrayed, both by parents and brethren and kinsfolk and friends. (Luke 21: 16.)

Now the chief priests and elders and all the council sought false witness against Jesus to put him to death, but found none, yea, though many false witnesses came * * * * * * * He had spoken blasphemy, what further need have we of witnesses? He is guilty of death. (Matt. 26: 59-66.)

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against the mother * * * * * a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. (Matt. 10: 34-39.)

And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? (Matt. 27: 12-13.)

Pilate said unto them,—whom will ye that I release unto you? Barrabas or Jesus, which is called the Christ? (Matt. 27: 17.)

And the governor said,—what evil hath he done? but they cried out the more, saying: Let him be crucified. (Matt. 27: 23.)

The same classes are to-day clamoring for the condemnation of the Saints, in whom no guile has been found, and Barrabas sits in the judgment hall.

Referring to the finding of the plates of the Book of Mormon, Joseph Smith writes, adding a prophecy which has been literally fulfilled:

As soon as the news of this discovery was made known, false reports, misrepresentations and slander flew, as on the wings of the wind, in every direction—the house was frequently beset by mobs and evil-designing persons—several times I was shot at and very narrowly escaped, and every device was made use of to get the plates away from me, but the power and blessings of God attended me, and several began to believe my testimony. Later the Prophet adds,—No unhallowed hand can stop the work from progressing. Persecution may rage, mobs may combine, (as in Illinois and Missouri) armies may assemble (as Johnson's army did, after Joseph's death). Calumny may defame, but the truth of God (as taught by Joseph) will go forth boldly and independently till it has penetrated every continent, visited every clime.

Mr. Josiah Quincy, an acknowledged authority, whose opinion in other matters carries weight, in his well known work, entitled, *Figures of the Past*, refers to Joseph Smith as one of the great men of his age. He says:

It is by no means improbable that some future text-book, for the use of generations yet unborn, will contain a question something like this,—What historical American, of the nineteenth century, has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen? And it is by no means impossible that the answer to that interrogatory may be thus written,—Joseph Smith, the "Mormon" Prophet. History deals in surprises and paradoxes quite as startling as this. The man who established a religion in this age of free debate—who was, and is to-day, accepted by hundreds of thousands, as a direct emissary from the Most High. Such a rare human being is not to be disposed of by pelting his memory with unsavory epithets. The most vital questions Americans are asking each other to-day have to do with this man and what he has left us—burning questions they are, which must give a prominent place in the history of the country, to that sturdy self-asserter whom I visited at Nauvoo. Joseph Smith claiming to be an inspired teacher, faced adversity such as few men have been called to meet—enjoyed a brief season of prosperity such as few men have ever attained, and finally, forty-three days after I saw him, went cheerfully to a martyr's death.

And there was much murmuring, among the people, concerning him, for some said He is a good man—others said, nay, but he deceiveth the people. (John 7: 12.)

Compare this with the statement made by the Angel Moroni, on his first visit to the boy prophet, 21st of Sept., 1823, which, in the mouth of Joseph at that date, was a prophecy—"That his name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindred, and tongues; *Hist. Church*,—Vol. 1, page 11.

Looking back to the history of Christianity and "Mormonism," is it any evidence of the falsity of either, that they were established by men of low degree or parentage? That both Christ and the prophet were reviled and accused of almost every crime in the decalogue—that after innumerable persecutions, both by the people at large and the civil authority, they were put to death—the one after trial and condemnation, under Jewish and Roman form of law—the other by the mob instigated and led by those in authority, who, as in the case of Christ, were unable to find any crime in him. They both, by their death, sealed the testimony they had given, and upon which the early Church and that of Latter Days was founded. In the case of the Prophet,—his enemies, led by the Scribes and Pharisees of his day, openly boasted that if "law can not reach this man, powder and ball must,"—accordingly, on the 27th of June, 1844, after the memorable speech in which he said:

I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but am calm as a summer's morning;

I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men—I shall die innocent, and it shall yet be said of me, he was murdered in cold blood;—

“Powder and ball,” did their work. He was shot to death in Carthage jail, while under the protection of the state government of Illinois, which had pledged itself—through its governor—to protect the Prophet from mob outrage.

If “Mormonism” is, to-day—seventy-six years after the restoration of the gospel, and the founding of the Church—a despised religion, and its followers still branded as outcasts and criminals, are they greater outcasts or more despised than were the early Christians, at the expiration of the first seventy-six years after the death of Christ,—the Savior—the Messiah?

His apostles of old, such as Peter, Paul and others, carried the gospel, as we are told by some of the Fathers, to all the then known world, including the western, or British Isles. His apostles of today, in the face of persecution, have carried it to all “nations kindreds and tongues.” If Paley’s question was unanswerable, when asked in relation to “Christianity,” it is also unanswerable in the case of “Mormonism.” “Would men in such circumstances pretend to have seen what they never saw, assert facts which they had no knowledge of, go about lying in order to teach virtue?”

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake,—for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. (Matt. 5: 11-12.)

These words of the Savior and the prophecies of his servants have been fulfilled in every detail. His followers have been reviled and persecuted, and the “nations, kindreds, and tongues” have said both “good and evil” of the Prophet Joseph Smith. If it was possible for the multitude to be so deceived as to the character and attributes of the Perfect One, may they not also be mistaken in their judgment of Joseph Smith, a man, imperfect, like unto themselves? The persecutors of both Christians and “Mormons” have passed, or are rapidly passing to that beyond where their works do follow them. Let us all prepare for that great day, when both the “good and the evil” of our own individual lives will be weighed in the balance by an all merciful Father.

Provo, Utah.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRINCE MEDITATES HIS ESCAPE.

He now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature, which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once had passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in the grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains, to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open; for it was not only secured with all the powers of art, but it was always watched by successive sentinels, and was by its position exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop anybody of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but, having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless searches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away: in the morning he rose with new

hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night slept sound after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements which beguiled his labor and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation, if he should never be able to accomplish his flight; rejoicing that his endeavors, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry.

But his original curiosity was not yet abated; he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices, which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his designs always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISSERTATION ON THE ART OF FLYING.

Among the artists that had been allured into the happy valley to labor for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines both of use and recreation. By a wheel which the stream turned he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves, appropriated to the ladies, was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that ran through it gave a constant motion; the instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found the master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with

expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honor. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion, that instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; and the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains; having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth."

"So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature, and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly; to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborn by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied. I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls, but as we mount higher the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth, and all its inhabit-

ants, rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How it must amuse the pendent spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with equal serenity the marts of trade and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one extremity to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquility. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall: therefore I suspect that, from any height where life may be supported, there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task tomorrow, and in a year expect to tower in the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition, that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselias, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed much to others, and ought to repay the kindness he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of

princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence acted upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished; and, on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory; he moved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use to him in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land half dead with terror and vexation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A MAN OF LEARNING.

The prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, having suffered himself to hope for a happier event, only because he had no other means of escape in view. He still persisted in his design to leave the happy valley by the first opportunity.

His imagination was now at a stand; he had no prospect of entering into the world; and, notwithstanding all his endeavors to support himself, discontent by degrees preyed upon him, and he began again to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had ever been known; the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents swept into the plains on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could

now discover. The herds and flocks left the pastures, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domestic amusements, and the attention of Rasselias was particularly seized by a poem, which Imlac rehearsed upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verses a second time; then entering into familiar talk, he thought himself happy in having found a man who knew the world so well, and who could so skillfully paint the scenes of life. He asked a thousand questions about things, to which, though common to other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a stranger. The poet pitied his ignorance and loved his curiosity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and instruction, so that the prince regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure.

As they were sitting together the prince commanded Imlac to relate his history, and to tell by what accident he was forced or by what motive induced to close his life in the happy valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Rasselias was called to a concert, and obliged to restrain his curiosity till the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC.

The close of the day is, in the regions of the torrid zone, the only season of diversion and entertainment, and it was therefore midnight before the music ceased, and the princes retired. Rasselias then called for his companion and required him to begin the story of his life.

“Sir,” said Imlac, “my history will not be long: the life that is devoted to knowledge passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.

“I was born in the kingdom of Goiama, at no great distance from the fountain of the Nile. My father was a wealthy merchant, who traded between the inland countries of Afric and the ports of

the Read Sea. He was honest, frugal, and diligent, but of mean sentiments and narrow comprehension; he desired only to be rich, and to conceal his riches, lest he should be spoiled by the governors of the province."

"Surely," said the prince, "my father must be negligent of his charge, if any man in his dominions dares take that which belongs to another. Does he not know that kings are accountable for injustice permitted as well as done? If I were emperor, not the meanest of my subjects should be oppressed with impunity. My blood boils when I am told that a merchant durst not enjoy his honest gains for fear of losing them by the rapacity of power. Name the governor who robbed the people that I may declare his crimes to the emperor."

"Sir," said Imlac, "your ardor is the natural effect of virtue animated by youth: the time will come when you will acquit your father, and perhaps hear with less impatience of the governor. Oppression is, in the Abyssinian dominions, neither frequent nor tolerated: but no form of government has yet been discovered, by which cruelty can be wholly prevented. Subordination supposes power on the one part, and subjection on the other, and if power be in the hands of men, it will sometimes be abused. The vigilance of the supreme magistrate may do much, but much will still remain undone. He can never know all the crimes that are committed, and can seldom punish all that he knows."

"This," said the prince, "I do not understand, but I had rather hear thee than dispute. Continue thy narration."

"My father," proceeded Imlac, "originally intended that I should have no other education than such as might qualify me for commerce; and, discovering in me great strength of memory and quickness of apprehension, often declared his hope that I should be some time the richest man in Abyssinia."

"Why," said the prince, "did thy father desire the increase of his wealth, when it was already greater than he durst discover or enjoy? I am unwilling to doubt thy veracity, yet inconsistencies cannot both be true."

"Inconsistencies," answered Imlac, "cannot both be right; but, imputed to man, they may both be true. Yet diversity is not inconsistency. My father might expect a time of greater security.

However, some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy."

"This," said the prince, "I can in some measure conceive. I repent that I interrupted thee."

"With this hope," proceeded Imlac, "he sent me to school; but when I had once found the delight of knowledge, and felt the pleasure of intelligence and the pride of invention, I began silently to despise riches, and determined to disappoint the purpose of my father, whose grossness of conception raised my pity. I was twenty years old before his tenderness would expose me to the fatigue of travel, in which time I had been instructed, by successive masters, in all the literature of my native country. As every hour taught me something new, I lived in a continual course of gratifications; but as I advanced towards manhood, I lost much of the reverence with which I had been used to look on my instructors; because, when the lesson was ended, I did not find them wiser or better than common men.

"At length my father resolved to initiate me in commerce: and, opening one of his subterranean treasures, counted out ten thousand pieces of gold. 'This, young man,' he said, 'is the stock with which you must negotiate. I began with less than the fifth part, and you see how diligence and parsimony have increased it. This is your own to waste or to improve. If you squander it by negligence or caprice, you must wait for death before you be rich; if, in four years, you double your stock, we will thenceforward let subordination cease, and live together as friends and partners; for he shall be always equal with me who is equally skilled in the art of growing rich.'

"We laid our money upon camels, concealed in bales of cheap goods, and traveled to the shore of the Red Sea. When I cast my eye upon the expanse of waters, my heart bounded like that of a prisoner escaped. I felt an unextinguishable curiosity kindle in my mind, and resolved to snatch this opportunity of seeing the manners of other nations, and of learning sciences unknown in Abyssinia.

"I remember that my father had obliged me to the improvement of my stock, not by a promise which I ought not to violate, but by a penalty which I was at liberty to incur; and therefore de-

termined to gratify my predominant desire, and, by drinking at the fountains of knowledge, to quench the thirst of curiosity.

“As I was supposed to trade without connection with my father, it was easy for me to become acquainted with the master of a ship, and procure a passage to some other country. I had no motives of choice to regulate my voyage: it was sufficient for me that, wherever I wandered, I should see a country which I had not seen before. I therefore entered a ship bound for Surat, having left a letter for my father declaring my intention.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE HISTORY OF IMLAC CONTINUED.

“When I first entered upon the world of waters and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terror, and, thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze around without satiety, but in a short time I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted for awhile whether all my future pleasures would not end like this, in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion, but the earth has mountains and valleys, deserts and cities: it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life though I should miss it in nature.

“With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practiced, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

“I was almost weary of my naval amusements when we landed safely at Surat. I secured my money, and purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and by my inquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn at the usual expense

the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretenses, without any advantage to themselves, but that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge."

"Stop a moment," said the prince. "Is there such depravity in man as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectively have shown by warning as betraying you."

"Pride," said Imlac, "is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies, because they grieved to think me rich, and my oppressors, because they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed," said the prince; "I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives."

"In this company," said Imlac, "I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and in a few months was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved and others easy and communicative; some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves, and some showed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

"To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much that I was presented to the emperor as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperor asked me many questions concerning my country and my travels; and though I cannot now recollect anything that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me astonished at his wisdom, and enamored of his goodness.

"My credit was now so high that the merchants with whom I traveled applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the court. I was surprised at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road.

They heard me with cold indifference, and showed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

“They then urged their request with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindness, I would not do for money; and refused them, not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others, for I knew they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

“Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I traveled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social, and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature thorough all its variations.

“From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation at once pastoral and warlike; who live without any settled habitation; whose only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMILES WILL LIGHTEN DUTY.

Are you weary of the long and rugged road,
Weary of the burdens, oh, my brothers?
Men have found the surest way of lightening the load
Is to try and lighten it for others.
Hearts still hold the most of love that most their love bestow
On lonely lives of those who are forlorning;
Roll the stone from out the path where tired feet must go,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

Touch your lips with gladness, and go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;
Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.
Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-beclouded life some ray of light impart,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—SELECTED.

LIBELS OF HISTORIANS.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN.

It is not altogether surprising that so few out of the many writers of American history have been brave enough to tell the truth about the Latter-day Saints, in the face of the universal prejudice and hatred that are shown towards this people; but one would suppose that out of a sense of honor, historical writers would prefer to avoid the subject entirely rather than record as truth that which is false, and positively known to be such.

There have been quite a number of histories of the United States published in recent years. Mary Sheldon Barnes' *Studies in American History*, published by D. C. Heath, in 1897, and Allen C. Thomas' *History of the United States*, published by the same company, in 1901, both of which were written for public schools and academies, are exceptionally fair in their brief treatment of the "Mormon" people, and for that reason can be recommended for general study among the Latter-day Saints.

On the other hand, two histories published in 1905, for use in the colleges and universities of the country, and for general study, have been extremely unfair in their treatment of the "Mormon" question. I refer to Henry William Elson's *History of the United States*, in five volumes, published by the Macmillan Company, and Albert Bushnell Hart's *Essentials in American History*, published by the American Book Company. Mr. Hart is professor of history in Harvard University, and is reputed to be one of the leading historians of the United States. There is no valid reason why such a writer and educator as Mr. Hart is, should not be informed on the essential points of "Mormon" history, and willing to record the facts. In Harvard hundreds of "Mormon" students

have attended, and many are now attending school; they are clean morally, and physically and mentally the equal of any students in that institution. From them much of the truth could have been obtained, and from original records much more could have been learned. However, of the "Mormons" Mr. Hart has this to say:

The most remarkable communal society was the Mormon church, founded by Joseph Smith of Palmyra, New York, in 1829. In 1830 he published what he called the *Book of Mormon*, which he alleged to be a miraculously preserved account of the settlement of America by the lost tribes of Israel * * * * This region [Utah] had been settled by the Mormons, who were forced to abandon Nauvoo in 1846. Under their new prophet, Brigham Young, they reached Great Salt Lake the next year, and set up what they called the independent State of Deseret, * * * * To their great disappointment, the Mormons found themselves in the United States by the Mexican cession of 1848; but when Utah Territory was created, in 1850, it was thought expedient to make Brigham Young governor. The overland traffic to California disturbed the Mormons, who wanted to be let alone, and always made trouble for their federal officials. In 1857, Buchanan appointed a new territorial governor, but Brigham Young refused to give up his office, called out armed men, and when fifteen hundred troops were sent, forbade them to come into the territory. * * * * When the government proposed to send out a larger force, the Mormons yielded sullenly. (*Essentials in American History*, pages 341 and 394-5.)

The essential parts of this brief excerpt are absolutely false. To the readers of the ERA, it will be needless to refute the many errors it contains; nevertheless, they may be briefly mentioned here. They know that the Book of Mormon does not purport to be a "record of the lost tribes of Israel." They know that under Brigham Young the Latter-day Saints did not "set up what they called the independent State of Deseret," and were not disappointed when they "found themselves in the United States, by the Mexican cession of 1848." And while the "Mormon" people "desired to be let alone" in their liberties and their rights, they did not "make trouble for their federal officials," nor rebel against the authority of the United States, but extended to all men the same privileges they rightfully desired for themselves.

They helped to build the overland route under the direction of their leader, Brigham Young; and the troops sent by President Buchanan, known as Johnston's army, came without warrant or excuse. The trouble was caused through the lying reports of enemies of the Latter-day Saints, who reported to the President that

Utah was in rebellion, and that the public records of the territory had been burned. All this was false, as subsequent developments proved. Nevertheless, the President, without investigating the charges made, sent the army to suppress the "Mormon rebellion," which did not exist. At the time, the people in the territory were living in peace, but the action of the government officials forced them to act on the defensive in the protection of their rights. When the truth was learned, through the efforts of Col. Thomas L. Kane, U.S.A., the President was humiliated, and the event to-day is known as "Buchanan's Blunder."

There is not a more patriotic people in the United States than the Latter-day Saints, for they have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. One of the first things the pioneers did, on entering the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, was to unfurl the Stars and Stripes from Ensign Peak, and take possession of the land in the name of the United States, this country at the time being at war with Mexico. Even while the exiled Saints, who had been forced from their homes without one protecting word or action from the government in their behalf, were on their westward march, in the depths of poverty, they raised a battalion to serve in the Mexican war. These troops loyally and cheerfully volunteered, and performed their labors faithfully and well. Of their eventful march from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, their commander, Philip St. George Cooke, has this to say of them:

History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry, nine-tenths of it through a wilderness, where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for the want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless prairies, where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pickaxe in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons.

And these are the people accused of disloyalty and rebellion. It is in order for Mr. Hart to explain how a people could feel "disappointed" at finding themselves in the United States after taking the land they possess in the name of the federal government, and sending a battalion to fight that country's cause.

All these things are matters of history, and the truth can be

found in Whitney's *History of Utah*, Bancroft's *History of Utah*, Tyler's *History of the Mormon Battalion*, *History of the Church*; and many other records.

Mr. Elson in his history makes some statements similar to those made by Mr. Hart. He calls the Book of Mormon *The Golden Bible*, and declares that it was copied from manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding, and taken by Sidney Rigdon from a Pittsburg printing office, "as the weight of evidence clearly indicates." Further he says: "Smith had his 'Three Witnesses,' who solemnly declare that an angel had revealed to them that the new religion * * * * was the true and only religion; but these men afterwards quarreled with Smith, and declared that their testimony was false, and the whole scheme a fraud." (*Elson's History*, vol. 4, p. 80.)

These are a few of the falsehoods published as historical truths about the Latter-day Saints and their religion. How men can so far forget themselves, or be so dense as to accept such silly trash, and attempt to palm it off as history, is most astounding. It is the duty of the historian to record the unadulterated facts, so far as lies within his power, and there is no reason why such a writer should go out of his way to incorporate in his story falsehoods of the darkest hue. Some writers color facts to suit the prejudices of the people; their stories are made to sell, and not for the public good. While history should be written with the desire to create loyalty and patriotic feelings in the hearts of the readers, it is manifestly unjust to sacrifice truth and right, and belittle the characters of those about whom the history is written. It is wrong to prepare historical matters with the idea of satiating public clamor; yet this has been done universally by anti- "Mormon" writers.

In the degree that a writer of history departs from the truth, to that extent his writings become worse than fiction, and are valueless. The chronicler of important events should not be deprived of his individuality; but if he wilfully disregards the truth, no matter what his standing may be, or how greatly he may be respected, he should be avoided. No historian has the right to make his prejudices paramount to the facts he should record.

For such a writer, to record as truth that which is false, and

to palm off as facts that which is fiction, degrades himself, insults his readers, and outrages his profession. Tacitus has said that the "chief office of history is to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which a want of records would consign them." Then let us have the facts, and only the facts, in history.

It may be some time before the truth about the "Mormon" people shall be accepted in the world, but that time is bound to come; prejudice and falsehood shall give way, for truth must and will prevail.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

(For the Improvement Era.)

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
 Am I prepared to go,
 And leave the din and business roar,
 Of this short life below?
 And have I done my duty, Lord,
 Before thee in this fight?
 Would thou accept me by thy word
 If I should die tonight?

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
 And stand before thy throne,
 Could I appear unspotted there
 As other saints have done?
 And could I justly call thy praise,
 For work both day and night
 In helping do thy mighty will,
 If I should die tonight?

And if I die tonight, dear Lord,
 Am I prepared to meet
 My parents who have gone before?
 Would conscience let me greet
 And tell them I have labored hard
 For justice and for right,
 Could I go then, where they are, Lord,
 If I should die tonight?

Salem, Idaho.

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
 And leave my body here,
 To be cared for by kindred ties
 Who to me are so dear,
 Could they with all sincerity
 Of heart say I'd done right
 To them while here upon the earth,
 If I should die tonight?

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
 Would men of business say
 That I had led an honest life
 Before them every day?
 And would they say, "He did his best
 To set finances right,
 And live at peace with every man,"
 If I should die tonight?

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
 Have I a crown in store?
 A merit of a just reward
 As saints have had before?
 So, Father, bless me day by day,
 And help me to do right,
 So when I'm called to meet thee there,
 I'll go with joy that night.

O. F. URSENBACH.

ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

NOTES CONTRIBUTED FOR THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" BY THE
FACULTY OF SCIENCE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY,
AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE.

The Jubilee of the Coal Tar Color Industry.

On the 6th of October last, a great banquet was given in New York City in honor of Sir William Henry Perkin, who fifty years ago made the discovery which lies at the foundation of the present coal tar color industry.

The power of mind over matter is probably nowhere better illustrated than in the history of a formation of a multitude of brilliant colors and important drugs from the black tar which remains in gas works after the purification of coal gas. Fifty years ago the colors used by dyers were obtained from various vegetable substances. Indigo, for instance, was obtained from the indigo root, turkey red came from the madder root, and thousands of people in the various countries were employed in cultivating and gathering the plants from which these and other important coloring materials were extracted.

In 1858, Mr. Perkin, then a youth of eighteen, was assistant to a professor of chemistry in London. It occurred to him that it would be a most interesting thing to be able, by artificial means, to make quinine, the important drug used in so many human ailments. Instead of obtaining quinine from his experiment, a reddish brown, mud-like mass resulted. Nevertheless the young man continued his investigation, and among other things used in his experiments one of the ingredients of coal tar, known as aniline. By the use of this substance an even more black and unpromising mass was obtained, than from the earlier experiments. Upon fur-

ther examination, however, it was discovered that this black, dirty-looking material in reality contained a most beautiful purple coloring matter, which, when isolated and purified, was found to be capable of dyeing silk, wool, and other materials. In fact, this substance, thus discovered fifty years ago, was the now well-known coloring material known as *mauve*. With considerable difficulty the young man succeeded in interesting sufficient capital to build a small factory for the manufacture of this artificial dyestuff. After fifteen years of manufacturing this and other colors, Mr. Perkin retired, and since 1873 has devoted himself to the study of pure chemistry, having always in mind the application of science for the benefit of mankind. He is still a hale and hearty gentleman sixty-eight years old, and has received during this year recognition for his epoch-making discovery from nearly all the civilized nations on the earth.

Some of the results which have come from this discovery will illustrate its far-reaching importance. As soon as it was learned that such an important and beautiful dyestuff had been made artificially, numerous other chemists followed Mr. Perkin's lead. The various constituents of coal tar, which had hitherto been thrown away, were carefully investigated, and by repeated combinations, new dyeing material, even more beautiful and wonderful than *mauve* were obtained. At the present time about two thousand dyestuffs are known, almost entirely made from the products of coal tar. These cover the whole range of the rainbow, and in some respects they are more brilliant than the colors of nature themselves. Most of them may be made to cling to silk, wool, cotton and other materials with a firmness which cannot be overcome by time, light or chemicals. It seems at the present time that no matter what kind or quality of color fashion demands, it may be supplied by the skillful chemists working with the substances contained in the uninviting, black and sticky coal tar.

Perhaps the greatest triumphs of dye chemistry have been the artificial production of indigo and turkey red. Perkin himself assisted other chemists in preparing artificially the coloring matter known as turkey red, which is so commonly used in all kinds of materials. Professor von Baeyer, of Munich, devoted a large part of a lifetime to the discovery of the artificial production of indigo.

Both are now made in any desired quantity in large factories. The thousands of men and women who formerly grew the indigo and madder roots have been obliged to seek other fields of activity, for practically all of the indigo and turkey red now used by the world is made in chemical factories.

Not only did the discovery of fifty years ago lead to the multiplication and artificial production of dyestuffs, but it was the beginning of the development of many other branches of science. By means of the delicate colors obtained from coal tar, it was made possible to observe bacteria, such, for instance, as those of consumption, and to inaugurate the battle against infectious diseases. Likewise, the microscopic nerves of the body, with their attendant phenomena, have been brought within the vision of man by the use of the aniline dye colors. The chief drugs now used in combating various diseases, such as cancer, rheumatism and fevers of various kinds, have all been obtained as a direct result of the original experiment on the formation of *mauve* from coal tar.

At the time Dr. Perkin discovered *mauve*, nearly all the flavoring extracts and perfumes were made directly from vegetable materials. Today, most flavoring extracts and perfumes are made artificially in the chemist's laboratory. The odors of musk, violets, roses, heliotrope, wintergreen and numerous others, are products of coal tar. The flavoring principles of lemon, vanilla, orange, apples, bananas, and many other fruits are likewise obtained by artificial chemical methods.

Photography has likewise received a wonderful stimulus through the discovery of numerous coal tar derivatives that have a peculiar effect upon the sensitive photographic plate. The only successful method of color photography, of the present time, depends upon the existence of aniline dyes made from coal tar.

Not only has this wonderful discovery of fifty years ago resulted in a tremendous increase in the number of artificial chemical substances made from coal tar, but many other branches of human industry have been benefited thereby. For instance, when it became known that coal tar could be used to such great advantage, the methods for the manufacturing of coal gas from which coal tar is obtained, were greatly improved, and by that means other by-products of gas-making were obtained. Thus the

manufacture of amonia with all its train of derivatives was stimulated. Potassium cyanide was obtained in large quantities from the by-products of the gas factories. This substance is now used in immense quantities for the extraction of gold from low grade ore. In a sense, therefore, the successful operation of many of the gold mines of Utah and the surrounding states is an outcome of the discovery of the eighteen-year-old boy, working quietly and unknown to the world in a little London laboratory.

Libraries have been written upon the discoveries resulting from the original production of *mauve*. The aspect of the world has been changed by the work of this patient boy. Many of the ERA readers, as they dip into the science of chemistry, will learn more concerning this extraordinary chapter in the history of human development.

The spirit of the man who laid the foundation of this great work may best be illustrated by the closing words in an address that he delivered to the great men who assembled last October in New York to do him honor. He said: 'It is very gratifying to me to receive all the generous and kindly expressions of feeling that you are manifesting, and I thank you heartily; but what have I that I have not received? It is not, therefore, for me to boast. (And I also feel that I have but imperfectly used my opportunities). I therefore can only say in reference to the success which has attended my efforts, 'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy great name be all the praise.' "—John A. Widtsoe, Ph. D.

Energy.

"Not only around our infancy doth heaven and all its splendors lie." When we focus our attention upon an apparently trifling process with other thoughts than the care of self and the petty human greed for gain, desiring, (however vainly) to see it as it is, with its infinite connections and relations in space and in time to all other things and motions and changes, we get glimpses through the veil with startling clearness and reality of another busy, surging, rushing existence, primeval, vast and unformed—a space-filling, world-power and world-stuff, some of whose briefest and tiniest undulations are called the destinies of living creatures and of men.

While I was writing, the other day, I suspected that my fountain pen was getting empty. I held it up, point downward. Slowly from the holder, the black ink oozed down the edges of the golden pen. So slow and continuous was the motion that, although I could see the black bead at the point growing larger and shinier, yet I could not perceive the intermediate motion from the holder down. Presently the black bulb ceased to grow. I held it aloft. I turned it around, backward and forward. I marvelled at the complexity of that black mass of liquid, at the multitudinous forces, acting, there, here, right before my eyes. I thought with awe how the earth is continually pulling straight downwards with a certain definite force upon each tiny molecule of that black mass. My muscles grew tense as I thought how each particle was pulling and striving with all its might, always moving in the direction of the resultant force (that resultant who shall calculate?) and always attracting its neighbors far and near. It seemed almost like a living thing, or, rather, a whole world of living things, and I saw a huge giant peering through that smooth, shining surface into that other world, where strange forms fight in the darkness, and the everlasting forces, electrical, magnetic, molecular, chemical, superpose their effects, where old forms are shattered and new ones evolved from the fragments, where whole systems are swallowed up in the great vortex-change, and where all matter is but the plaything of one unresting, uncreated god—energy.—*Chester Snow, B. S.*

What is an Animal?

Can you tell? About one hundred and fifty years ago Linnæus said: "Minerals grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel." There seem to be very evident differences between a stone, an oak-tree and a horse. Plants and animals live, reproduce their kind, and die, thus differing from all minerals; but between plants and animals the difference is not so clear. There is an infinite variety of forms, and after a careful study we admit that living things, such as pines, ferns, mosses, mildew, pond-scum, and even the bacteria that cause diphtheria and typhoid fever, are plants, while birds, lizards, frogs, fishes, worms, insects, coral, sponge, and the malarial parasite, are animals. The higher plants

and the higher animals are easily distinguished, the real difficulty comes when we study the simpler forms. There are hosts of small plants that at times behave like animals, and there are many animals that become fixed and seem to grow as plants do. There are other forms that seem to be both, and are classified as plants by some scientists and as animals by others.

What does this condition indicate? Is there then no fundamental difference, no purely animal or purely plant characteristic? Many of the leading scientists of today believe that there is not, and consequently say that there are but two kingdoms in nature, the one including things that have life, the other things that have not life. If there is a difference it has not yet been discovered, and there is a place waiting in the Hall of Fame for the person who finds it.—*C. G. Van Buren, B. S.*

The Law of Gravitation.

It would be hard to find a schoolboy nowadays who does not know of the most far reaching discovery ever made by man—the law of gravitation. Everyone knows that ever since the time of Newton, all the motions of the heavenly bodies have been explained by assuming that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force directly proportionate to the product of the attracting masses and inversely proportional to the square of their distance apart. Since the time of Newton, many great minds have pondered over this mysterious truth and have sought to discover more of the nature of this all-pervading influence that links together the most distant worlds. Does this law of gravitation hold for ordinary masses and distances, as well as for the huge bulk of planets and celestial distances? Is this attraction affected by the nature of the intervening medium? Does it depend on the temperature or any other variable which influences the ordinary properties of matter? Is it dependent only on the quantity of matter, and not on the nature of the attracting substances? The answer to all of these questions have been sought by many great physicists.

In order to realize the difficulty experienced in measuring the attraction, say, of two grains of water one centimeter apart, it might be borne in mind, that this force has been found to be about

one-fifteen-millionth of a dyne, and that it takes several hundred dynes of force to break an extremely fine spider's thread.

The first attempt at accurately measuring the attraction between two bodies was made by Cavendish in 1797-8. Nearly a hundred years later, in 1896, Prof. Boys repeated the measurement, but with all the refinements and improvements which a century of scientific progress could suggest. He suspended two balls of pure gold on a small horizontal beam, by means of an exceedingly fine fibre. This fibre, which was his own invention, was strung out of molten quartz. It was found to be surpassingly strong and constant in its elasticity, and when the weight suspended by it was twisted, the fibre always exerted a perfectly definite, although very minute, force, trying to untwist. It was against this slight untwisting force of an almost invisible fibre that he balanced the small attractions to be measured. If the system was hung with the gold balls, say east and west respectively of the centre of the horizontal beam, and a ball of lead was brought close up to the south side of the east gold ball, and another lead sphere were placed to the north side of the west gold ball, the attractions of each lead ball for the nearest gold ball, being stronger than for the more distant one, would cause the beam to rotate through a small angle—the east ball rotating toward the south. Now this angle was very small, but by having a tiny plane mirror attached to the beam, and observing with a distant telescope how much the reflection of a distant scale was rotated, Boys was able to calculate just how large was the angle through which the quartz fibre was turned. Then he knew exactly how hard the quartz was trying to untwist, and he knew that this force balanced the attractions and was therefore equal to it.

Such was the delicacy of the measurements, that the reflection of the scale as seen in the telescope, spun through many thousands of scale divisions when the fibre turned through the slightest fraction of a degree.

Numerous corrections were applied to the results, to take account of the disturbances of air currents and those due to vibrations of the floor. Many separate measurements were taken, and the various results agreed in giving us the value stated above

for the attraction. Now we know the attraction, in ordinary units of force, which exists between any two bodies.

Other physicists have repeated this and similar experiments, with different attracting substances, and have confirmed the astronomical conclusion that the force between given substances does not depend on the kind of matter they contain. Still other physicists have varied the experiment by placing various substances between the attracting balls and noting the effect. This has been tried with lead, zinc, mercury, water, alcohol, glycerine and air as the intervening medium, and no change in the attraction of the balls has ever been detected.

Hence it has been concluded that gravitation, whether or not it be in a state of stress in an infinite ether, acts through all space far and near, between all masses large and small, and that two bodies will attract each other with a supreme disregard for whatever may occupy the space between them.—*Chester Snow, B. S.*

The Highest Bridge in the World.

Another unique distinction is to be awarded western America. At present the highest bridge in the world is the recently constructed "Zambezi bridge" in Africa, * which is 450 feet or one-twelfth of a mile high. The proposed electric car bridge, across the Royal Gorge in Colorado, will be 2,627 feet from the surface of the water below. It will be of the steel suspension type, 230 feet long and 22 feet wide. The floor will be of one and a half inch plate glass, set in steel frame work, which will enable visitors to view trains on the D. & R. G. system as they pass over the wonderful "hanging bridge" of the Royal Gorge, over a half mile beneath.—*E. D. Partridge, B. S.*

Submarine Coal Mining.

It is quite an interesting fact that coal mining is going on all the time under the bed of the Atlantic ocean in Breton, Canada. There is a seam about six feet thick, of the best quality of coal, which is mined at a depth of from 700 to 1,300 feet below the surface of the water. At the shore line the vein is 690 feet below the surface, and dips seaward about one foot in twelve. The present workings are over a mile from the shore line, and are un-

der 30 to 40 feet of water, and nearly one-fourth of a mile of strata. An area of about 1,620 acres has been thus mined.—*E. D. Partridge. B. S.*

Do Plants Feel?

Linnæus distinguished plants and animals by ascribing to the latter alone this character. But do not plants also feel? Why does the geranium turn its leaves toward the light? Why does the oxalis close its leaves in darkness? Why does the plant turn its growing tip upward when placed on its side? Why does the young tendril coil when you gently stroke it, and why does it uncoil when you have ceased to do so? Why does the so-called sensitive plant fold its leaves so quickly when rudely touched, and why does the bristled leaf of the Venus Fly-trap snap together upon its prey when a fly lights upon it? If plants move when they are stimulated, is it not positive evidence that they feel?

In most plants the delicate, sensitive organs are enclosed in "wooden boxes," and movement is consequently rather slow; but some of the simpler plants with flexible cell-walls, receive sensations and move as rapidly and with as much ease as do the simple animals. Could we but penetrate the woody cell-walls of the old oak tree and observe what is taking place there, we would find a scene of activity quite equal in many respects to that taking place within the body of the horse, sufficient at least to prove to us that plants, as well as animals, feel and move.—*C. G. Van Buren. B. S.*

Artificial Diamonds in America.

Henry W. Fisher, of New York, has succeeded in making diamonds so much larger than any hitherto made, that there seems to be a possibility of making gems large enough to have commercial value.

Fisher's method is essentially the same as that used by Henry Moissan, the French chemist, who first made artificial diamonds sixteen years ago by means of the electric furnace. This furnace is very simple. It consists of two bricks of quicklime placed one upon the other and grooved to receive two carbon electrodes. A cavity is made in the bricks between the carbon terminals to receive the material to be melted. The high temperature of the arc,

i.e., the space between the carbon ends, is unequalled by any other source of artificial heat. A temperature of about 3500 C. can be produced.

Moissan dissolved graphite in molten iron by placing a mixture of the two in the electric furnace. He plunged the heated mass suddenly into cold water. This quickly cooled the exterior and placed the heated interior under great pressure because iron saturated with carbon expands on cooling.

The crystals produced in this way are still too small to have value as gems. When they can be made sufficiently large for this purpose, there will be a far lower value placed on them than at present quoted by the diamond trust.—*Charles E. Maw, B. S.*

Provo, Utah.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

Look up, faint not, though dark may be the way!
While sweating drops of blood, Christ bore our sin,
That he might take away our weight of guilt,
And pardon grant to all who come to him!
O Christmas joy, that Jesus came to save—
Declare the truth to earth's remotest bound—
While time shall last, eternity endure,
'Twill be to human ears the sweetest sound.

LYDIA D. ALDER.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

MAXIMILIAN.

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

I.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD MEXICO.

The fountain in the old courtyard of the palace of Montezuma was filled with perfumed waters in honor of the approach of the Christmas season, dear to all Christians, in every land and under every sky. Around it flashed and flamed a thousand drooping flowers and ferns, swayed by the spray and delicate breeze occasioned by the rapid fall of the water. The great square itself was a crowded maze of shrubbery and trees, some bending with red and yellow globes, and others filled with fragrant blossoms of coming fruitage. In the trees flew brilliant-plumaged, tropical birds; the air was full of the buzz and glory of the humming-birds. But over all the brilliance and glory, a crowd of black-coated vultures flew high in the blue.

The palace was squared about the majestic courtyard, its apartments opening into the light and fragrance of the green and gold heart of all this semi-barbaric luxury. There were two stories in the palace, the upper one reached by steps, and a balcony extending around three sides of the courtyard wall.

Christmas in a foreign land is a lonely festival to any American heart, and to the lady who sat embroidering beneath an orange tree, this day was doubly sad and drear. The tragic year of 1866 was a heavy burden on the hearts of all Christendom whose eyes were upon old Mexico.

Near the lady, crouched at her very knees, was a dark-eyed maiden, whose straight glossy black hair and olive skin betrayed her Indian origin.

The girl was weaving a garland of flowers, and chanting low, as the wreath grew under her fingers, snatches of an ancient ballad written by the noble Indian king of Tezcuco:

“Now would I sing, since time and place
Are mine,—and oh, with thee
May this my song obtain the grace
My purpose claims for me.
I wake these notes on song intent,
But call it rather a lament.
Do thou, beloved, now delight
In these my flowers, pure and bright,
Rejoicing with thy friend;
Now let us banish pain and fear,
For, if our joys are measured here,
Life’s sadness hath its end.”

The plaintive words, and minor chords, which were a confused mingling of Indian and Spanish, depressed the listening lady, as no sobs or tears might do.

“Hush, my Malinche, or you will have me crying like the fountain yonder. Your songs are the spirit of tragedy; just as all your countrymen’s faces are a Book of Lamentations. Sometimes, I can interpret them with my own healthy visions of hope; but to day, I cannot bear them. There’s an uncanny influence in every nook of this old memory-haunted palace. But I will have none of it. The place is now mine, and I will hear no such talk.”

The girl dropped her lapful of flowers, and with sweet-lowliness of repentance, she knelt at her mistress’ feet, and bowed her head to the earth. Then, without a word, she sprang up, and with the gesture of a darting humming-bird, she flew around, in the fantastic measure of a dance, which was the most exquisite poetry of motion. Her draperies of white and vivid green, circled and swirled about her with extravagant, undulating waves.

In a moment, her clear, soft treble voice arose in an Indian song, which fell with wild rhythm on the still air. She stamped her tiny feet, and producing a pair of Spanish castanets, she rattled and struck the peculiar, syncopated time of her trilling melody.

“Oh, Malinche, where did you learn that newest trick of your dancing? Who taught you the flashing grace of the proud Castil-

lian, mingling with the soft undulating languor of a half-Egyptian? You are a fairy child. I never saw you do that dance before?"

The girl paused, well pleased to see the brightened look on the face of her friend, the princess.

"Who taught the trees to sway, and the flowers to bend? Can you tell me that?" she answered with a dainty touch of what might be sauciness in a more favored child of nature.

"Surely so, my dusky maid. The same power, no doubt which gives you that charming bird-trill in your throat, which would be the envy of a Malibran. But come, I can see you are unusually excited. What has happened to rouse the slumbering fires of your quiet nature?"

Hesitating, for a moment, the girl cast her eyes suspiciously about the courtyard, and peered cautiously into the darkened doorways which fronted the court like a thousand blinking eyes.

All seemed quiet. And after hanging her garlands over the outstretched arm of the marble statue which stood near the fountain, half dripping with the spray, the girl once more crouched at the feet of her mistress-friend.

"Dear associate princess, I have seen my lovely ancestor, once more."

"You mean Marina, the companion of that terrible Cortes?"

"Even so. Thrice before hath she approached my couch, when night and silence make it possible for her to touch my eyes with clearer sight."

"You mean that you dreamed about her," said the practical American lady, who was accustomed to the verbiage of the gentle Indians.

The pained look in the face of the girl at this prosaic rendering of her night vision touched the lady so deeply that she resolved to accept without worded question whatever her friend might say. So she caressed the olive cheek gently, and said,

"Go on, my very dear little dove."

The loving adjuration of all her maternal Indian ancestors soothed the tender heart, and the girl once more opened the secret floodgates of a repressed and silent soul.

"She stood beside my couch," recited the soft voice, "and her eyes were sad, so sad. She told me again of her unhappy state in

that other world, but assured me that the time was close at hand when her prison doors would be opened, and she could then ascend to the heavenly courts above."

The lady stirred to place her embroidery away, so that she might give undivided attention to the little story-teller at her knees. With a satisfied sigh, the girl resumed:

"Marina bade me look. And as I raised my eyes I saw my mighty ancestor, the lordly Montezuma, and he was seated on a throne of emerald and gold. His hand held in its grasp the destinies of all the Anahuac. And then a mist arose from the lakes of Tenochtitlan, and overhead black vultures swung and circled with slowly narrowing rings. The mist was rising fast, and from the east there swept a multitude of soldiers, marching and ever marching. The throne was tottering as the heavy tread of gaudy-coated soldiers surrounded it with grim fury in their eyes. Their eyes! Oh me, their eyes! I heard no sound, but those dread eyes burned down like fire in my soul. And then I saw a scroll unfolded in the heavens, and on it was the words, 'No king may reign in all the land of Anahuac.' The mist crept o'er the throne, the soldiers charged, and then I saw the darkness swallow all alike. I could not speak, nor even look for many minutes. As I gathered strength, I raised my eyes, but only saw the vultures rising up from out the mist, and slowly fly into space. Again the vision opened. This time I saw another king, and he was sitting on the throne of Montezuma. But he was such a noble king. His face was white as a god's own face, and as he sat I murmured, 'Tis Quetzalcoatl come back to rule and reign.' But even as I thought my thought, above his gracious head I saw the black-winged vultures circle and swing. He looked at me, this mighty king, and as he looked, my heart flew out and bowed beneath his feet. He only smiled to see my deep devotion. And then, the vultures, circling near, breathed in my very face their rotting breath, and fanned my hair with their dread wings. And oh, their eyes! The fury in their reddened eyes. I tried to scream, but soldiers marching, marching past, filled all my shuddering soul with awe. And once again, they crowded around the doomed throne, and once again the mist arose from out the lakes and enveloped both men and throne with solemn, awful silence,

gloom and death. I trembled with the agony which stood upon my brow in beads of ice, but still I could not die. And so I closed my eyes, to shut the horrid vision from my gaze. But soon I opened them, for in my heart, there lingered such a longing to see my fair god, if only once again, that I could not refrain. But all was faded; and only in the clouds there floated high and silent the inky birds of prey I saw before. And as before, the heavenly scroll unrolled; and as before, there appeared in firey characters these words, 'No king may reign in all the land of Anahuac.' Then when my heart was breaking with the weight of woe and pain, my fair god stood above me in the mists, his tender eyes bent down to me, and on his face a smile of saddest peace. And she who had bestowed the vision, my ancestress Marina, said in silvery tones, 'Be not afraid, nor mourn:

When thou shalt cross the brazen sea,
Thy lord shall owe his life to thee.

'Tis written in the heavens! Some day when Quetzalcoatl comes to reign on earth, you both, and all of his and thine shall meet him in the clouds.' And thus my dearest vision faded. But overhead, the vultures still were swinging, yet near to them, there hovered now one bright-plumaged humming bird, with jeweled wings and throat, and with his wings he beat away the ugly birds of night and gloom. 'Good omened bird,' I cried, 'thou art a messenger from dread Huitzilopochtli!' I knew that I was not asleep, O friend, for I could hear the great cathedral bell toll out the hour throughout all the night. And as the vision closed the hour struck——'

Just then the bell in the tower jingled out its half-melody before the stroke of six.

The lady and the maiden started as if a blow had fallen on their ears, and the Indian screamed and hid her face in her mistress' lap.

"The clock struck six and I knew that I was not asleep."

The long dream-chanted words of the girl, the images they called up, had enveloped the steady-brained American woman with a shadowy gloom or mist, which tied her hand and foot. She was almost in a trance herself. As the bell of the great cathedral

clock began to chime for the hour, the sound roused the hypnotized faculties of both maid and mistress.

On the same instant, a servant approached the princess with a profound obeisance, and handed her a letter.

With shaking fingers she tore it open, and after a moment she exclaimed:

"Malinche, this letter is from my lord and husband, Prince Felix Salm-Salm. He writes me that the emperor has decided to honor our poor palace with his presence for a few hours, on his way to visit some interior mountain towns. Come, forget your morbid, cruel dream, and let us think 'twas bred by eating too much sweets before you went to bed. Come, child, 'tis Maximilian who comes to us, the first European monarch who ever sat upon a Mexican throne. But I know that he is great and good and wise, and my husband loves him well. And so we will welcome him, because we are all good Mexicans, wether we be of Indian, Spanish or American birth, and we'll not remember aught of your wicked dream—come."

The heated quiet of the peaceful quadrangle was soon broken by a hundred hurrying feet, who flew hither and yon to do their mistress' bidding. Minutes flew into hours, and hours brought the setting sun to gild the squared roofs of the great pile of buildings with the tropical glory of a Christmas eve neath southern skies.

Within the courtyard, only the humming-birds seemed just as usual, and the vultures, pacing up and down the parapets, or rising high into the evening sky. But night closed the flower leaves, sent even the birds to nests, and soothed the restless splashing of the perfumed fountain, while overhead, the great cathedral clock chimed out the hours with solemn, sure insistence.

* * * * *

The quiet of the old Mexican palace was broken into a thousand jarring sounds the next morning, as mailed men and prancing horses clattered and crowded neath the earthen battlements. The brilliant uniforms of the French cavalry gleamed in the Christmas sun with rich contrast to the drowsy green of inner trees, and the dun walls of outer buildings. Servants hurried about with anxious faces, for even the lowest menial felt the importance of this regal visit. The soft-footed Indians glided to and fro, while

half-breed Mexican servitors cursed and slashed about with little regard for who came in the way. As soon as the emperor had refreshed his weary body, the princess led the way to the state drawing room. Here were gathered the neighboring nobles, who had come thus hurriedly to pay more or less sincere allegiance to this foreign potentate who had been forced upon them by the great Louis Napoleon, and who had held his tottering empire by reason of the flashing sabers of the French soldiers.

Maximilian sat upon the raised dais, and received with cold and stately courtesy the homage of these alien lords. His own sad heart, conscious of only the most exalted motives in his enforced sovereignty over those plotting, cruel Mexicans, was full of deep chagrin that in all the three years of his residence in Mexico, he had been able to excite only hatred and hostility, instead of the loyalty and patriotism which had been his dream for the future.

With half-sullen looks, and ill-concealed scowls, the haughty Mexicans bowed unwilling knees to greet the emperor of Mexico. But he was very patient, and only sighed, and taught his lips a more genial smile of welcome, as they bowed before him.

The clash of arms, the heavy music of his own beloved musicians, the heated atmosphere, and changing colors, his long night's march without sleep, wrought upon the monarch's fancy; and he saw them as a moving panorama across the distant wall-space; he saw himself upon his throne, with the mists of the lakes rising around him; he heard the sound of clashing sabers; and over all circled and swung the silent, black, waiting vultures. But even as his tired senses reeled, he gathered himself and sat upright with determined strength; the better to control his scattered energies. As the crowd across the salon grew more dense, a little, dark-eyed Indian maid glided between the assembled men and women, and as she neared the outer edge, her startled eyes caught and held for one brief instant the calm, sad eyes of the empérator.

With a quick, in-breathed cry of pain, the girl swayed and would have fallen, but that she was caught and carried out by a soldier, standing near.

“Who was that?” said the emperor, under his breath to the Prince Salm-Salm, who stood by him.

"A little Indian princess, descendant of Montezuma, who serves my wife as companion and maid."

The weary eyes of his majesty grew misty with a quick sympathy for another's suffering, but his brain and heart were full of big sorrows and heavy burdens. What was an Indian maid to him?

The Christmas day was full of noisy pageantry, and the hours were crowded with sickening details of murders on the highway, and assassins ever in ambush. The sovereign's heart was heavy with a thousand wrongs he longed to right, and a thousand woes he was helpless to assuage.

All things pass! The Princess Salm-Salm, with her good sense, shut out as soon as she might, the crowd of half-curious, half-scornful over-lords, who sought to fill their sovereign's ears with useless tales of robbery, arson, and common plunder everywhere in Mexico. With approaching twilight she managed to distribute the great retinue so skillfully that she and her husband were alone with their guest. She led the way to the inner courtyard, where the perfumed waters fell, and the flowers in the Christmas dusk sent out a flood of fragrance on the balmy air.

With a woman's tact, she drew the thoughts of her unhappy guest to ask about her own beloved home in the United States. He listened with eager interest to all her stories of a rushing prosperity, and a lusty, young civilization, which was to him, as Arabian tales. Wrapped in the traditions and accumulated gloom of a score of monarchical centuries, he was eager to learn all there was to know of this daring, uncrowned nation, whose glory was work, and whose pride was achievement.

The palace grew gradually still, and the bustling sounds of day and confusion slowly melted into the arms of darkness and sleep.

It was a singular Christmas for the Mexican monarch, and his one European and one American subject. Enshrouded with a mist as of coming tears, the night winds played about the orange trees, with whispered sighs.

While they sat thus, the sound of castanets, and softly swishing skirts broke in upon their quiet words, and Marina flashed

before their eyes, her white and brilliant green gleaming draperies, embroidered with exquisite feather designs, flying like a cloud about her small person. In her ears hung emeralds, and around her waist and throat flashed opal and emerald chains. The end of her skirt was hung with tiny silver bells. In a moment, she burst forth in a rippling melody of sound, and all the birds of tropic lands found an echo in her throat.

The little party sat spell-bound. The girl played upon their hearts with the subdued witchery of exquisite music, as if she held them in the hollow of her hand. She circled about them, and anon, her delicate foot beat the mosaics with a thrilling accent of tinkling rhythm. The swaying body caught their every breath and held them speechless, as she bent, and flew, and stamped. Sometimes she sang. Her notes were now wild and triumphant, now low and entreating. The castanets, clinked and snapped at times, as if to fasten in the listening ears the glittering pendant of love, and life, and motion.

Then suddenly she ceased, and with the sweeping obeisance of mute adoration, she melted at the emperor's knees, and bowed herself to lowest earth, her lips upon the tessellated pavement at his feet.

The sad eyes of the monarch were lightened with the little surprise, and the gentle heart enshrined within the stern exterior was touched with the emotion that glowed with pure devotion from the tender eyes of the dancing girl. Here was reverence and here was loyalty; nothing asked, but all was given!

Marina's mistress did not know how all this strange and unarranged diversion might fit the emperor's temper. So she called softly,

“Marina, come to me.”

The girl obeyed quickly, but even in her obedience and quick submission there dwelt a proud humility, as if the motion were born of love, not fear.

“This is a descendant of our great Montezuma on the paternal side, and from Marina on her mother's side, and as such she well deserves to be known of your majesty. Her name is also Marina; but when I love her very much, I call her my Malinche.”

“So little a maid to have so high a descent,” said Maximilian.

"But even so, she well deserves her glorious pedigree. I trust our subjects remember to give honor where 'tis due; as unto that great last king of his race, thy sire, my maid, the mighty Montezuma."

The Princess Salm-Salm had much ado to prevent the maiden from once more prostrating herself at the emperor's feet. But the sturdy American blood within her veins held a species of contempt for those who could so completely humble themselves to any man, be he warrior, potentate or king. And so she handed Marina the little guitar, upon which she sometimes accompanied herself, and bade her sing her most cheerful song.

It was fortunate that the guest could not understand the Indian tongue, for the girl's throat was swelling with an improvised confession of loyalty for the white god, who had come to free the people and to cleanse the earth. But the song was well-sung and the guest was soothed and comforted by the spirit of the unknown words.

* * * * *

The emperor's suite opened directly on to the courtyard, and that after the good night ceremonies were all over, he turned to his rooms; but he was too restless for sleep, so after his gentlemen-in-waiting had been dismissed, he stepped through the long window into the soft gloom of the whispering palms and groves, to quiet heart and brain with a midnight stroll.

His heart was very heavy; he could have borne the slights and scorns which his noble relatives in Europe seemed intent on showering upon him; the desertion and treachery of Louis Napoleon, that mighty and selfish one, had lost its bitterest sting. But the knife that was cutting at his very heart-strings was the gradual desertion of the Mexicans. Those who had been loudest in their clamor for him to come, and most profuse in their declarations of loyalty and devotion, these were one by one deserting him, and going back to support Juarez. Oh, it was bitter to the heart which had cherished a friend as scabbard its sword; and to be betrayed, misunderstood, by his trusted ones— ah God, the agony in Gethsemane was not alone for the coming death! It was the betrayal by Judas, trusted treasurer of the small company; and bitterer than all, even Peter and John, his close friends who knew

him for what he was, could not watch while he voiced his last earthly prayer! The cruelty of desertion is never known by those who have not suffered the stress of misunderstanding and difference at the very hearthstone!

As he paced the silent paths, he heard the occasional trill of the night-bird; and then, the sweet, solemn tones of the cathedral clock striking the hour of one, reminded him of the little scene he had witnessed there two hours before. Just then his foot struck against something on the tessellated pavement, and he stooped and picked up a pair of castanets, just at the edge of the fountain.

With a little sigh, he turned to hang the toy upon the branch of the pepper tree which stood near, and his thoughts rested a moment with the brilliant but serious-faced child who had amused him so cleverly.

A soft hand stretched out under his raised arm for the castanets, and with a low word of thanks the girl grasped her lost toy.

“May I take it?” she asked with a low, happy laugh.

The tall man looked down at this little, dark creature, and his keen eyes searched her face with severe scrutiny to fathom the reason for her unlooked for appearance in this place at such an hour.

The gentle eyes were burning with a light never seen there before by any man, but the innocent gaze was utterly unafraid, and as pure and confiding as a gazelle’s might be.

This, her god, her deliverer, her worshiped one, who, in the presence of others, was so awe-inspiring that her breath froze upon her lips, was here alone with her. They were far from the glaring light of the sun or the eyes of men, and so she stood, as maid to man, and gazed fearlessly into his splendid eyes, unabashed and undismayed.

Why should she fear? There was no cruelty, no vice in the spiritual atmosphere which surrounded this man. That which women most fear in man was absent from this lordly king. Her lack of guile, her sweet confidence shook him as no purposed temptation could have done. And because of that, and of his own high sense of honor, he allowed a harsh note to creep into his question.

“Why are you here, little one, at this hour?”

She shivered slightly as the tone struck her ear; she had

heard that tone, sometimes, as all her race did, from Mexican lords. But she peered quickly into his eyes, and what she saw comforted her much for all that her ears had suffered. The man stood still, as if unwilling by even one motion to encourage himself or the girl beside him, in foolish thoughts.

Marina slid down, with a happy laugh, into the stone seat near the fountain. Then she answered his question:

"I came to hear the flowers talk with my nostrils—to taste the tones of the night-bird in my throat, and to find my castanets; but most of all, to see my lord—my Mighty One."

Surrounded all his life with formalism, and saturated with the artificial atmosphere of courts, the man was utterly unprepared for this frank avowal. Again he gazed sternly into the uplifted, glowing eyes. He would have turned on his heel with disgust, if there had been one self-conscious glance beneath those lids. But the exquisite purity of every line and feature of that face, the absence of anything like coquetry or insincerity in the gaze, showed him that he was face to face with a naked soul, and with a most exalted consciousness.

The man shaded his eyes a moment to shut out the glory and meaning of the gaze uplifted to his, and instinctively withdrew but a shadow of space from her proximity; by that quick impulse of honor and protection he proved his worthiness to receive this rare and beautiful tribute. But he could not wound her again with an unnecessary sternness.

Leaning against the bole of the pepper tree, he rested his arm on the upper trunk, and asked the girl kindly,

"Are you happy here?"

With a quick flash of womanly wit she understood his repressed tone and quiet withdrawal, but she was none the less gratified by every evidence of his kingly character.

"Yes, so happy. Not always have I been happy and blessed. There were some years," and the girl's eyes darkened, as she turned away her face. "But since the Princess Salm-Salm came into my country, the sky is blue, and the birds sing all night as all day."

The human heart beside her could not withhold sympathy; she drew upon the nectar of this draft, and with an untaught power

she filled her hearer's heart with the very spirit of Old Mexico. She wove, with an artless, yet matchless, skill, her own childhood into the traditions and legends of her people, now embroidering the narrative with green and red of royal splendor, and anon drawing in with a steady hand, great shadowy backgrounds of wrong and woe for her brilliant pictures. The bursting poetry of a hundred repressed ancestors, and the crowded sorrows of a thousand degraded kinsmen, swept the strings of her heart; and the music fascinated her listener into a forgetfulness of time, place and occasion. The first and last occasion in her whole life, this passionately loving yet sad soul uncovered wholly and unreservedly to another, the hidden springs of life and love and hope. It was the spoken revelation which her dancing had revealed to him in motion that evening. Maximilian was far too intelligent not to appreciate this profound and beautiful revelation. And within him there arose and gathered strength, a companion emotion which for the moment carried him away on a resistless wave of delight. He knew not why or even allowed his reason a moment's question; the occasion, the time, the whole atmosphere of this Indian-haunted garden, thrilled him with a consciousness of his soul's nearness to these legends, and to these dusky, half-barbarous people. Surely there was no chance in his coming to this one-time fairy land! Unconsciously he was moving nearer the inspired speaker, and the pliant curve of her graceful body wooed him with a subtle influence.

"One, two!" chimed out the cathedral clock, and then its quaint, old musical bells rang their jangle of sound.

With a profound start and a shiver, as if a breath of cold air had chilled him, Maximilian drew himself up, and stood for a moment rigid and silent. Then, with a courtly gesture, he turned to Marina and said gently,

"The night grows very late. You will be deprived of needful rest. Shall we not say—good-night?"

The girl shivered, too, and yet, in her own soul, she felt the necessity he was pressing upon her, and she arose from the bench, and coming close to him, she put out her hand with a modest, queenly gesture and whispered:

"Good-night for time—we shall meet in eternity. I shall not fear, but rather love you there. And you?"

Maximilian took the tiny hand and bent above it with a princely courtesy. It lay in his palm as a tiny hostage of his own honor, and he brushed it lightly, but tenderly, with his bearded lips. Then, looking once more into her eyes, he answered,

"Time only is our own. Eternity belongs to God."

"I shall wait for God, eternity, and you."

She turned, with a tiny wrench of her soft body, as if the effort cost her much, but without faltering. She moved swiftly to the stairway, and as he watched the bravery of her self-control, he felt it was worthy of her and of himself. She fled along the upper balcony, and when she was just above him where he stood, she turned and looked down into his up-turned eyes, and flung out her pleading hands to him. But her lips were speechless.

"Find thee a worthy love," he said softly, but clearly, "and wed and be happy."

She looked the reproach she would not speak, and then, once more leaning down over the low rails, she whispered with pure, passionate devotion,

"Canst thou unbind the tie the gods have fastened? My ancestor showed thee unto me before I ever saw thy face. If thou art king or lord or god, I shall still be thine own, when Quetzalcoatl rules both earth and air. There may be others there, but I as well. Thou canst do naught for me, and this I know; not here, not now. But I, sometime, somewhere, shall reach the heart of One who will help me save both thee and me!"

When I can cross the brazen sea,
Then thou shalt owe thy life to me.

My great, maternal ancestor hath prophesied this. Till then, good-night. Dear lord, thou art so grand, so good, so true. Good-night—good-night. And yet—and yet!"

She was gone, and the tower clock began its jangling stroke upon the quarter-hour. With a profound sigh, Maximilian turned and went within.

As he shut his lattice, a woman glided out from some sheltered shrubbery, and as she looked at the closed window she murmured softly,

"And even he can feel the sudden passion of this unreasoning, tropical land. Ah, but he is indeed an emperor! A woman might well die for him. I never saw a kinglier man."

And then the Princess Salm-Salm, having made sure that all her honored charges were safe and cared for, prudently extinguished the lights, and turned into her own apartments, to give the day's account to her sleepy lord, the prince of Salm-Salm.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

"Summon the lords of the realm to assemble
On Christmas morning, in the old cathedral;
Let odorous incense burn, and bells be chiming,
Our hearts to holy love and peace attuning,
And to our good Lord, whose condescension,
With sacred, solemn pomp and adoration,
We, on this hallowed day, commemorate."
"Lords, nobles, attend: draw near the altar,
Behold this crystal rock—this mystery,
Which, during mass, did suddenly appear;
Imprisoned in its stony grasp, a sword.
And see! upon the shining blade is writ,
Whoe'er shall wrest this weapon from its sheath
Was nobly born and shall be England's King."
Then strove they each and all for mastery;
With might and main they tugged for royalty;
But all in vain, the scabbard would not yield
Its awful grip to proud ambition's sway.
Then Merlin brought the gentle Arthur forth—
A lad of tender years and doubtful birth—
A lad of innocence and purity,
Whose truthful lips no slander ever passed,
Whose heart devout, loved God and humankind.
Calmly he stood, and these the words he prayed:
"Dear Lord, thou of the blessed virgin born,
Whose birth this gladsome day we celebrate;
Show forth thy mighty pow'r for England's good,
So shall thy righteous name be glorified."
A moment thus, then clasped the jeweled hilt,
And lo, the miracle was wrought.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

RUTH MAY FOX

WORSHIP.

BY ELDER C. H. CARROLL.

[The writer recently returned from a mission in the Eastern States, having labored in the West Pennsylvania conference. He is at present a student in the Latter-day Saints' University, Salt Lake City. "Worship" may be termed his graduating thesis from the mission field.—EDITORS.]

There is no stronger instinct implanted within man than that which prompts him to worship something. No other impulse has so effected or changed the currents of human thought and action. It has lifted people out of ignorance and slavery, and given them a place among the enlightened nations of the world. Those who have allowed this holy instinct to degenerate into base superstition have lost that moral force which is necessary for the perpetuation of national life. Paul looked upon the great city of Athens and beheld the people's devotions, and "his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." He observed that in all things they were too superstitious. Their worship was misguided, and unless it could be changed, the social fabric was sure to decay.

Though worship is acknowledged to be one of the most potent factors in shaping the destiny of the race, yet, like other things that we do by instinct, we seldom stop to analyze or define it. Sermon after sermon has been preached, and unnumbered volumes written upon the forms and dogmas that have grown out of the desire to worship, and yet how few have thought what worship is.

The word comes from the Saxon, "weoroscipe;" "worth," and "ship;" the state of worthiness or "worthiship," implying that the object must be more worthy and possess a superior virtue that is appreciated by the worshiper. That is why we worship. Often we can better understand a great truth after considering a smaller similar one, so in this case, before plunging headlong into our sub-

ject let us analyze admiration which is the beginning of worship. Here I will explain that for our present purpose we shall consider as worship only that which has Divinity as its object, and as admiration, that which is the same in nature but less in degree.

Admiration is the natural attraction that talent has towards art, or that any latent power has toward the developed object. It is an evidence of native ability in some particular direction. The faculty within is attracted by the object without, just as steel by a magnet, because of the natural sympathy between the two. By this I mean the spontaneous admiration that we have without any effort or cultivation on our part, because we have inherited those faculties already developed beyond the rest. It is possible, however, to cultivate an admiration for every natural characteristic of our race. The germ of every talent of mankind is within us, and under the proper training and conditions, will respond and gather strength just as steel responds and gathers magnetism from that influence to which it is susceptible. It is equally impossible, though, to inspire this response, or true admiration, for something entirely foreign to man's nature, just as much so as it is to magnetize a piece of wood. By this I do not mean that it is impossible for him to admire anything that is less than his highest possibility, or even false altogether, because the faculty for wrong was born within the race when the eyes of our first parents were opened, and they came to know good from evil; but as before stated, it is impossible for man to admire anything that is entirely foreign to his nature, because there is nothing within to respond. He may admire the lower animals for their beauty and usefulness, or any object of the universe within his range of vision for its grandeur, but not in the sense of wanting to become like it, because he is of a different race of beings altogether, and there is no faculty within his nature to prompt true admiration.

Like worship, it is based upon the appreciation of superior virtue or worthiness, but on account of the faculties and power for sin that we have, it is possible to have a wrong conception of worthiness, and those who are so unfortunate as to inherit the baser part of their natures developed above the good, are naturally more apt to admire unworthiness. In either case, however, the same principle applies in the effect upon the one who admires.

We need not go farther than our own selves for example of this effect. Who has not long and earnestly admired some quality, condition, or art, and in time come to realize that the object of his admiration has become a part of his being. All the distinguished attainments of both the good and bad of our race are demonstrations of this principle. Humanity has reached its heights and depths by faithful admiration, or we may say worship, of the condition to be attained. Just as the boy in Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face," unconsciously grew to possess the grand and gentle dignity that appealed to him in the image on the mountainside, so do we all grow to become like that which we most admire.

So much for the lesser form. Now, in what does worship differ from this, except in degree? What is it but extreme admiration? Let us summarize the conclusions we have come to in regard to admiration, and see how they will apply in the larger sense.

First, man cannot truly admire that which is foreign to his nature, there being no faculty within to appreciate, because, secondly, admiration consists of the appreciation of superior virtue or worthiness. Thirdly, he truly admires only inasmuch as he longs and strives to grow in that direction. Fourthly, he will grow in the likeness of that which he most admires.

As to the first, can we truly admire and worship God as he has been revealed to us? Of course, everyone's answer must be based upon his understanding of that revelation. What is there in the nature of God that is foreign to the nature of man? Is there anything that he has in perfection that we have not in embryo? If there were, could we appreciate it or profitably worship it, or would he ask us to do so? Here the skeptic might think to point out something inconsistent with Divine relationship, by saying that while perhaps there is nothing in God that man might not profitably worship, there is considerable in man that has no part in godliness. Very well, but only that which he has received as his heritage of earth, and not that which was created in the image of his Father. To be sure, all the ungodliness that we owe to mortality will have to go, and there has been a way provided: there has been an atonement as well as a fall, but that which was created in the image of God is eternal even as he is eternal. Then why should

the spirit say to the cleansed, resurrected body, "I have no need of thee," or where is the faculty in the human soul that appreciates or longs for such a condition? Why should we, then, or how could we, worship a being (?) "without body, parts or passions?"

All deists will grant that our second conclusion is equally true of worship; that is, that God, who is its object, is infinitely our superior in every respect.

The third must be true also if our worship is to be a power to godliness instead of simply a form thereof; if it is to consist of something more than drawing near with the lips, if our heart and treasure are to be there also. Indeed, if we worship at all it must be for a purpose or benefit to someone. Is it to him? Paul said, "Neither is he to be worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing that he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Then the benefit must be intended for us, and how? What have we learned to be the natural consequence of studying, considering and learning to appreciate superior virtue and worthiness. The very fact that we can appreciate it, is proof positive that the latent attributes of godliness are within us.

If the third conclusion is proved, the fourth must be granted—that we shall become like him.

Now we are face to face with the vital point of our question. Dare we own that Divine parentage before our brothers who are always quick to condemn that which they cannot understand, and cry, "blasphemer," and "crucify him," at every prophet who has brought to them a new message of eternal truth; or dare we disown it? Our Lord, Master and elder Brother, who had the advantage over us of being begotten of the Father in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, taught mankind to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven," and said, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." Does not that relationship naturally entitle us to grow to his full stature? Have we forgotten the inspiring injunction given from the mount, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Certainly no lower station would be a fitting destiny for spiritual children of Divine parents, having the promise of the resurrection and eternal life. Look to the only authoritative definition we have of that future state for further confirmation of this inspiring truth: "And this is life eternal, that

they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Reason teaches us that we can know only that which comes within the compass of our faculties, and that our appreciation of that which is without is measured by the capacity of that which is within. Then the natural conclusion must be that if we are ever to inherit eternal life the germ of Divinity must be within us. It is that which enables us to worship, or, in other words, to appreciate the "weorscipe" of God, and inspire the soul to reach out towards that perfection.

In this light, that important factor of all religion means something more than the observance of mysterious and incomprehensible ceremonies of a dead form, but implies real development according to an intelligible plan of life, which is based upon a perfect knowledge of its object, and given by One who knows all things from the beginning to the end thereof. Such worship consists of something more than the chanting of hymns and the reading of prayers. It is of the heart as well as the lips. Who is the Creator of heaven and earth that he is to be flattered by our inconsistent devotion—loudly proclaiming his virtues, yet striving not to possess them! We show our highest regard for any example by following it, and the only sincere praise we can give, and real proof of our appreciation of his "weorthscipe," is the growth that we make in his image.

Provo, Utah.

"TRY."

It takes some courage and some hard knocks, the doing of manly deeds,
A bout with strifes in his early life's forenoon, if a man succeeds.
One can't win battles on beds of ease,—I'd fain on this point enlarge;
Now there, now here, one must persevere with skirmish and flank and charge,
The wall of the fort Good Luck defends is never so hard to climb
As to thwart the plan of the youth or man assaulting it one more time.
So buckle your belt up one more hole, discouragements all defy,—
There is plenty to do neath these skies of blue, if a feller's inclined to try!

—SELECTED.

RANDY.

BY ELVIN J. NORTON, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.,
POCATELLO STAKE.

I.

It was not usual that the Westside people could enjoy sleigh-riding at Christmas time: but this year the substantial coat of snow would make the regular Chrismas Eve dance more successful than ever. At any rate, this was one of the conclusions reached by the boys who were standing outside the schoolhouse which they had arranged for the evening's party.

"What's Christmas time for, if not to dance and sleigh-ride?" asked Dick Rogers, twirling a broom handle round his fingers.

Randy Palmer thought of a story his mother had told him of a glorious event in a far-off land nineteen hundred years ago; but it was only a thought; for he would hardly conceive the idea of experimenting upon his comrades by suggesting such a subject to them. "And snowballing, too!" he said, by way of completing Dick's statement, and at the same time he struck Dick on the back of the head and shoulders with a snowball as large as he could lift.

Dick was so interested in his broom handle feat that he was taken entirely by surprise. "I'll fix you, Randy-Pandy!" he shouted, gathering up fragments of the shattered snowball and throwing them at Randy's head.

The good-natured combat was brought to a sudden close by the sound of approaching bells. In a moment more a sleigh filled with young men came in sight. The boys quickly formed a line across the road and began swinging their hats and shouting in order to check the speed of the sleigh and catch hold of it. They held their ground for a moment, when suddenly the team darted

through a break in the line. The horses had run the blockade. The young men laughed tauntingly, and the boys shouted threats of vengeance, as one after another voluntarily gave up the race, or caught hold for an instant only to be hurled into the snow. Randy Palmer alone managed to cling to the sleigh; but in doing so, he drew upon himself a parting volley of snowballs from his baffled comrades behind. In a few minutes his home came in sight. Here, as he expected, the horses were again urged to run, and he in his turn rolled over and over in the snow when he let go his hold on the sleigh.

As Randy went through the gate a cloud passed over his features, which had appeared cheerful and happy while he was away from home. His mother watched him as he came up the path towards the door. His countenance gave her no assurance of success in the effort she had determined to make; but still undaunted in her purpose, she opened the door to meet him.

"I am glad you are back so early, Randy," she said pleasantly. Her smile and kind words caused him almost to forget his false dignity and ask, "Why so?" but he kept the words back; and his only answer was a smile, half forced and half suppressed, and condescending on the whole. He walked past his mother and haughtily threw himself into a chair.

Mrs. Palmer was disappointed in not leading him out in conversation; but with apparent disregard for his behavior, she went up to him and held out a few silver coins. "Mr. Davis passed while you were away," she said, "and left the pay for the work you did last week."

Still Randy said nothing. As he put the money into his pocket, his mother continued, "Rachel has your supper ready for you. We didn't think you'd be through so soon, and had supper a little early so Henry would have time to do all the chores. Now, you won't have anything to do after supper. Don't you think you'd better go over to the store and buy you a hat and a few little things to fix up with tonight?"

This was too direct for Randy to avoid answering. "I don't know of anything I want," he said indignantly, as he walked into the kitchen and closed the door behind him.

"I'd like to know why mother has so much to say about what

I'm to do with my money," he muttered to his sister when he sat down to eat; for, though no better natured, he did not hesitate to speak when Rachel was the only one to hear.

"Randolph Palmer!" replied Rachel, "you are unreasonable! What did you say when mother asked you why you didn't go inside at the Thanksgiving dance, instead of helping to make up the crowd of rowdies that hung around the building and tried to draw attention by yelling and striking the windows and making other disturbances? You said it was because you didn't have any decent clothes; and you were angry because she mentioned it, and you said she ought to know you'd be glad enough to go inside if you had clothes fit to go in with. And now, when there's a chance for you to get some clothes, you're angry again because she wants you to get them. I don't see much common sense—let alone reason—in that!"

Randy had not thought of this inconsistency, and he cringed somewhat at the force of the argument; and so instead of attempting to justify himself, he retorted sarcastically, "I suppose she's told Henry how to spend his money!"

Rachel's eyes flashed when she heard this; but she wisely kept quiet till her feelings relaxed. Her silence was really more effective as a rebuke than any words could have been. Randy knew it was cowardly of him to avoid the subject in this way. Yet he was not ready to face the exact proposition advanced, for the evident reason that he was unable to defend himself. Each moment, however, added to his discomfort, and it would not do for him to acknowledge defeat by saying nothing. His sister's silence was the strongest of arguments; but his own was humiliating. At last he decided to show that his spiteful remark about Henry applied to his larger grievance, and hence, indirectly, to the present difficulty.

"You think it's all right for someone else to tell me how to spend my money, and let Henry go on just as he pleases without a word from anyone. It's pretty tough all the same to see him go off for every day's work he finds, and then spend his money for a good time with the boys. I wouldn't care so much, if he'd bring some of it home and help you and mother, like he used to. But no; that don't go at all. And I must be hauled over if I stay out-

side with the boys; but not a word is said to him if he has to be carried home and put to bed. I guess you think that's a good way to spend money. But then, all I ask is to have the same right that he has. If he's goin' to be at home, I don't see why I can't take that job Davis offered me. The pay for last week's work won't go far in getting anything for me. Let me go off for a year, so I can do something."

Rachel was about to remind Randy, with considerable emphasis, that he was only fifteen, while his brother was seven years older; but fearing the effect of this, she calmed herself and sat down at the table opposite him, deciding on another line of argument. "Let me tell you something, Randy," she began, in a tone so kind, and yet so full of meaning, that he could not even appear inattentive. "I know that you'll not say this where it would be out of place; but the fact is, Henry's drinking has caused mother ten times more trouble and sorrow than anything you have said or done. And you know Henry's trouble didn't begin at home—it began right where you are so anxious to go to work. Now that's why mother doesn't want you to go away. She wants you to start to school after New Year's, and to go on with your studies for this winter anyhow. But I won't say any more, though I could tell you lots of things. Go get your clothes, and we'll have a good time together at the dance. You don't know how bad it looks to be hanging around on the outside."

This was almost too much for Randy; yet it would be too humiliating now for him to make any admission. Doubtless he was anxious to attend the party; but he would rather deny himself this pleasure, and then later, upon his own accord, go to the store and buy a few clothes, when no one expected him to do so. In this way he would not be yielding to the suggestions of others.

"Oh, well, there's no hurry, Ray," he said, rising from the table. "I don't think I'll go to the dance at all tonight, inside or out."

Rachel knew she was gaining ground. A little more kindness, and Randy's ruffled temper would be smoothed for one evening at least.

"Don't go just now, Randy," continued Rachel in the same kind tone. "Henry's doing your chores as his part of the bargain

when you promised to help clean the schoolhouse. Sit down and let's talk a little while."

For the first time since he entered the house, Randy's features had lost all trace of unpleasantness. "Oh, yes, you'll make me give up yet," he said, with a hearty, mischievous laugh, which dispersed the gloom so dark a few moments before. That laugh reached the ears of Mrs. Palmer in the adjoining room, and caused tears of joy to flow, and drive away those of sorrow that had been trickling down her cheeks. But before she or Rachel was able to determine whether Randy had entirely escaped from the effects of his imaginary wrongs, a shrill whistle at the gate called him from the house. In the stream of light from the front window, the mother and sister could barely distinguish the form of Dick Rogers on horseback. They saw Randy spring at a single bound to his place behind the saddle, and in another instant vanish from their sight. Yet they stood gazing blankly in the direction the boys had gone. Each was busy with her thoughts: had the cloud been entirely lifted, or merely wafted aside for a moment to let in a bright gleam of sunshine? But they had not pondered long when a light flickered from three windows of the schoolhouse and told all who could see it that Randy and Dick had fulfilled the last requirement of their part in preparing for the evening's celebration. At the same moment footsteps were heard on the kitchen floor, and a voice called out, "Who's ready for the dance?"

II.

No one who was acquainted with the kind disposition of Henry Palmer, and who fully sensed the seriousness of his intemperate habits, could look upon his expressive face without feeling sympathy for him. In his face were indications of a strong desire to do right, but along with these indications were no marks of that will power necessary to resist temptations that assailed his weak points. No one knew his trouble half so well as he himself. Like Randy, he managed to avoid conversations upon his weaknesses, even with his mother and sister; but unlike his younger brother, he did not allow a spirit of haughtiness to overcome his sense of consideration, and so succeeded by kindness rather than stubborn-

ness to change the subject whenever Rachel or Mrs. Palmer tried to talk with him regarding his habit of drinking.

Still, it is hardly true to say that Henry was devoid of will-power. It would be better to explain his disposition as one who held in reserve a volume of force which he himself had not sounded. In other words, when he would say, "Oh, mother, never mind; I'm sure it will turn out well, even if I can't do right just now," one would feel to question the correctness of the word "can't," and to say that if Henry would only try, he could bring his reserve power into use and succeed in overcoming this trouble.

As he grew into manhood, Henry realized more and more the danger with which he was trifling. He was a man—strong, shrewd, and hopeful; yet the fruits of his manly powers were not seen either in his own achievements or in the improvement of his mother's home. While industry had added to the comforts surrounding most of those who had been his companions from childhood, his own condition was no better than when his arm was too weak to share the burdens weighing upon his mother. Nearly all the primitive log cabins in Westside had been either torn down or converted into granaries and stables, and houses more commodious and beautiful had taken their places; but the little three-room house, built as the Palmer home twenty years before, had not been abandoned as a dwelling. True, one reason for this was that Henry's father had died shortly after coming to Westside, and the courageous mother, after selling more than half the farm to meet the indebtedness against the family, had been unable to do more than keep want from diminishing the remainder of the property. There was no longer any reason, however, why their surroundings should not improve. Henry knew this. He knew that his own powers now should be as great as his father's were twenty years before; he knew that time had removed many of the obstacles his father had had to meet while struggling to establish himself on the frontier; he knew that the only dishonor upon his father's name was the absence in himself of wisely directed activity. It had been several years since Henry had fully awakened to these things. At the time of his first awakening he not only listened reverently to the pleadings of his mother, but assured her of his own determination to leave off the demoralizing habit. Then fol-

lowed a month of strict compliance with the resolution. What seemed so easy, however, while he was in the presence of his mother and sister was quite another undertaking when he fell in with reckless associates, and he soon yielded again to the powerful temptation. Once more he revived his mother's hopes by expressions of penitence and renewed determination; but only to give way again in a shorter time than before. Still he promised—and failed. Finally he was convinced that the task was too great for him; and his delicate conscience would allow him to give no more assurances, which seemed to be followed only by deeper humiliation. He merely expressed the melancholy hope that some time in some way he would be stronger; but at last, though he continued to entertain the hope, the mentioning of it sounded so idle in his ears that he ceased to offer even this weak consolation to his sorrowing mother. Her grief caused him intense pain. He frequently asked himself how long this recklessness would continue—recklessness in which he sacrificed not only the welfare of the family, but even the happiness of his mother. Why didn't he break away?—He could not tell. Often, indeed, he was on the point of taking her in his arms and saying in stronger terms than ever before, that he would stop; but the recollections of his former assurances would keep him silent. He would then turn gloomily away, always censuring himself severely, sometimes trying to say, "I can," but never finding in himself strength sufficient to declare, "I will!"

Such, then, was Henry Palmer—anxious to do right, awake to his fault, too conscientious to deceive, unhappy in his weakness, and fearful of his power to improve. When Mrs. Palmer and Rachel reentered the kitchen, after the lights appeared in the schoolhouse, his quick eye saw the cloud over their features. He knew enough about Randy's mood just then to guess the cause of their trouble; but self-condemnation prevented him from offering any encouragement. He only assumed a bearing of cheerfulness as he rolled up his sleeves before the wash-basin.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "'Girls are always slow. I'll bet we'll hear George Davis's bells a-jingling before long, and I'll have to ask the company to wait a few minutes for Ray.'" And he plunged his face into a double handful of water to hide the

absence of a smile, which was prevented by the humiliating thought of his having no sleigh of his own.

The name of Davis added no pleasure to Rachel's anticipation of the evening's party; yet she suppressed her fear, assuring herself that her own presence would be a safeguard against evil coming to Henry through associating with the young man in whose company her brother had been drawn into the clutches of intemperance. She only added to his good-natured taunt, "I think you've known for some time there's at least one girl you don't have to wait for, Henry Palmer; and to-night you'll find, as usual, no occasion to ask any one 'to wait a few minutes for Ray!'"

"Well, maybe not," continued Henry, "If you got your ironing done and didn't lose my collar-buttons or hide my necktie."

"Your laundry work is done," the sister replied, "and your collar buttons are in their places. I got everything ready because I didn't want to 'wait a few minutes' for you."

Her eyes sparkled in gay triumph as she proceeded to take care of the milk and wash the pails. Henry understood her remark as a hint to "hurry up," and hastened to the "boys' room." There he found that not only were his collar-buttons in place, but his clothes were carefully brushed, a button or two that had been missing were neatly replaced, and a number of other little matters were attended to. As his quick eye noticed these things he thought of how little he was doing to merit such marks of attention. He sat in a chair and looked around him. The furniture he had bought with his summer's earnings six years before, when he thought of his wages only as a means of adding comfort to his mother's home. Everything else in the room told of his own negligence, and of how careful his mother and sister were that he should suffer as little inconvenience as possible as a result of that negligence; for the carpet, the bedclothes, the window curtains, the table cover, the chair cushion, were all provided by other hands; and although plain and worn and patched, were clean and neatly arranged for his comfort. For the thousandth time he asked himself how long he should be a burden to his mother and sister—a mother who strove to make the little farm yield as much of the family's support as possible, and a sister who contributed

the scanty salary of a village school-teacher towards their maintenance.

In this mood Henry rose and proceeded slowly to dress. His clothes were on the bed, all arranged in the order in which he would need them. By some accident he moved his hat, which had been placed where he would not be likely to touch it until the very last. In doing this he uncovered a handkerchief of pure, white silk. He trembled with emotion as he picked it up and spread it before his eyes. In one corner he read, "An early Santa Claus—R. to H.," embroidered in neat letters. Tears trickled down his cheeks and fell on the delicate fabric. He sat down in his chair, buried his face in his hands, and wept for joy and shame. A vent, so long closed, by his spirit of melancholy, was now opened to his turbulent feelings. His past mistakes seemed more foolish than ever. Why could he not correct them? After all, was he not strong enough? he believed that he was. His hopes revived. The clouds which had long been so dark and gloomy, seemed to have poured themselves away in his tears, and left before his eyes a bright view of the future. Indeed, this was worth an effort—an effort a hundred times stronger than any he had made. Could he now muster force equal to the struggle?

But he was roused from his musing by the jingling of bells, and a call from George Davis at the gate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pocatello, Idaho.

"God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of lucre does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."—*J. G. Holland.*

THE STATUES.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Toward the sunset, by the inland sea,
Girdled by mountain, meadow, lake and lea,
Two mighty structures stand, aloft, sublime,
And rooted like the hills to rival time.
At either crest, and drawing up men's eyes,
An angel stood uplifted to the skies,
And as it stood with emblem waving free,
Fronting the world, and fronting sky and sea,
A storm, but for the hills a hurricane,
Swept in with mighty ruin from the plain.
And lo! the citadel's exalted crown—
The Goddess Justice, ruining went down.

Unmoved by tempest and the rod of time,
Calling to every creed, and land and clime,
The other angel kept its lofty stand,
Warning the nations of the stern, red hand
Of death and ruin sweeping through the land.
Truth's heralder! above the multitude,
Upon the temple's pinnacle he stood,
Pointing a refuge in the ample arm
Of mountain bulwark, from the wreck and storm.
So, beat upon by sword and tempest hurled
Among the nations and to all the world,
Though towering justice (wavering now she stands)
Falls like a ruin from men's feeble hands,
And in the grip of anarchy the base
Of earth is hurried tumultuous from its place;
Though storm, and death, and ruin sweep the land,
The cause and heralders of truth shall stand.

T. E. CURTIS

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WISDOM'S VICTORY.

There is a marvelous power in self-control, such a strength as few people realize. With an individual, whether a person shall be the victim or the victor of circumstances depends largely upon himself. So it is also with a nation, a community, a city. We have recently had an illustration of this, in a local way. Without just cause, a coterie of evil-inclined and disappointed politicians have sought to obtain political control of Salt Lake City and county, and the state of Utah, by appealing to the prejudices of men who, for various personal reasons, are interested with them, or who are ignorant of the good intentions and honesty of the Latter-day Saints. They have viciously abused innocent people that they might the more readily, unobserved, do the wrongs they have decried in others. They have appealed to false arguments, party prejudice, threats, misconstructions of mens' utterances, and every other degenerate device, to set neighbor against neighbor, party against party, friend against friend, so that, in the struggle and division which they hoped would ensue, they might lay their withering hands upon the government of the people in city, and county and state, with a view to completely ostracizing one large, industrious, law-abiding division of the community, loyal to country and state and party, and shutting them out entirely from every advantage accruing to free citizens in a free land.

This is the condition which confronted the people in Salt Lake county on the morning of the 6th of November. It is greatly to the honor and credit of this community that they were blessed with ability individually to analyze the condition which confronted them

—to exercise their power of self-control, and lay aside, to some extent, and temporarily—with great regret that such action should be necessary—party affiliations and preferences, and unitedly combine to do the only wise thing that could be done: frustrate the common enemy of peace and political freedom. And this honor and credit is not due to any one class or party of the people. All classes and parties, composing the better elements of the community, united to complete the overthrow and insure the victory—and their action must be commended as wise by every liberty-loving citizen of the state.

It is time that the old theological idea of “I am a feeble worm of the dust,” which is said to prevail with some of our young people in regard to politics, and which gives them the false notion that only the vicious have political rights, and only party leaders can think, shall give way to the vital thought, “I am a strong human soul, with individual rights, and marvelous possibilities; I may also talk, and think, and dare, and do.” When men analyze conditions confronting them, and on their own responsibility, judgment and initiative, unitedly take such a wise, unselfish course as was witnessed in this county during the late election, there is strong hope of such results being achieved, and a possibility of such revival and independent action in the progress and advancement of political conditions as will prevent honorable people from being the victims of circumstances, and as will give them at least an equal chance in the affairs of state with disgruntled demagogues.

The passion, personal feeling, prejudice, bitter recrimination and pettiness of present political conditions in this city, should in all fairness give way to those higher and purer emotions that grow out of common interests and a broad brotherhood.

Such a united effort in preventing evil, as we have witnessed, is a good exercise in moral discipline, and will have a wonderful tonic effect in the whole moral atmosphere of the state. The people themselves must have the credit therefor. To gain the desired permanent results, it may be necessary for the better and peace-loving element of all classes and parties, to perform a few acts that are disagreeable to them; but it is certainly worth while, when, by so doing, it will help them to that self-control which

will enable them to take united and instant action in the hour of need for their own protection, and for peace, good will, prosperity, and brotherly love.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

A LITERARY TREAT.

The editors are delighted to announce a serial article from the facile pen of our friend and former contributor, Col. R. M. B. Thomas, of London, which will be commence in an early number of the ERA. Brother Thomas, having spent a year or more in the Eternal City, has written on "St. Paul in Rome." With pious interest in everything sacred to the Christian, he describes in most pleasing manner the apostle's journey to, and movements, and experiences in, the city of the Cæsars. In reading the manuscript, we felt as if we were journeying with St. Paul along the Appian way, witnessing the holy joy he felt in greeting his brethren in Rome, and in turn experiencing as our own the delight and overflowing gratitude of his brethren at being in his company. This fascinating narrative places the reader in the atmosphere of Roman life, and in living touch with the spirit and work of the great apostle to the Gentiles who to the reader must ever after be a nearer and more realistic person. It makes one's faith sounder, and one's soul more fervent to be a soldier of the Cross; and vividly transports the reader into the living presence of the first Christians. For a few hours' of happy and profitable perusal of this article, we are confident that the readers of the ERA, who have this treat in store, will be as greatly thankful and indebted to Elder Thomas, as the editors are. In closing this announcement we employ this means of expressing our sincere thanks to him for his great favor to the ERA and its readers. May God's peace attend him and all the honest in heart, until they shall attain to His presence.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

From *Nordstjarnan*, published at Stockholm, Sweden, the following report for the five conferences in that country for September is taken: 68 missionaries,

23,345 tracts distributed, 15,321 strangers' homes visited, 2,115 gospel conversations, 294 meetings held, 6 baptisms, 3 ordinations, 4 children blessed.

Skandinaviens Stjerne gives the following as the report for September in the six conferences of the Scandinavian mission: 140 missionaries, 30,097 tracts distributed, 4,310 books distributed, 23,707 strangers' homes visited, 5,462 gospel conversations, 429 meetings held, 18 baptisms, 2 ordinations, and 15 children blessed.

Elder Charles W. Penrose, of the Council of Apostles, arrived in Liverpool, Friday morning, November 2nd, 1906, per s.s. *Arabie*. He has been appointed to succeed President Heber J. Grant in the presidency of the European mission as soon as the latter retires therefrom. Elder Penrose is in excellent health and spirits, and is familiarizing himself with the work of the mission. May the blessings of the Lord attend his labors!—*Millennial Star*.

Elder R. A. Badger, president of the South African mission, sends this message to the ERA, under date of October 3: "The work of the Lord is progressing nicely in this far-off land. The elders are all well, and rejoicing in the privileges of the gospel." In this connection, the ERA has frequently received requests for the address of the South African mission. It is: No. 16 Victoria Road, Woodstock, Cape Colony, South Africa.

President Grant's report of the British mission for September shows that while not quite as many tracts were distributed as in August, more books were sold and more conversations were held. The total tracts were 420,530, an increase of 181,696, or over 40 per cent, compared with September, 1905. The total books was 14,033, an increase of 8,727, or 160 per cent; and the total gospel conversations was 28,297, an increase of 12,722, or 80 per cent. There were 76,627 strangers' houses visited, an increase of 29,302. There are 24 more elders laboring in the mission this year than last.

We are in receipt of many kind expressions from our friends, and from the elders in the field, but space forbids us using them, except one now and then. The following must suffice for this month: "The IMPROVEMENT ERA is indeed a welcome visitor in the homes of the elders. In whosesoever hands it falls it softens the heart, gladdens the spirit, and gives room for further investigation of the gospel of Christ. Its inspired readings are indeed a solace to us elders. May the Lord bless your labors and cause that the ERA may continue to do the missionary work it is now doing."—WM. A. CROWTHER, Vancouver, B. C., September 28, 1906.

One of the elders from England writing to the IMPROVEMENT ERA says: "It is a simple matter, but I suggest that when you have a circular to send you do not enclose it with your letter, but send it separately. Your prospectus asking us to subscribe for the ERA was just heavy enough to make your letter overweight, and cost us a 10-cent fine. This is particularly annoying to our elders. People at home write them and put a postcard in the envelope, and this often costs them 10 cents." This little complaint correspondents may well take to heart.

Elder John Russon, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sent the ERA an invitation to attend a special conference of the Latter-day Saints, in Milwaukee, on Saturday and Sunday, November 10 and 11. Among those who were present were President German E. Ellsworth, of the Northern States mission, Elders Hyrum M. Smith and Charles H. Hart, of Salt Lake City; President John Russon, of the Wisconsin conference, and twenty-four traveling missionaries from Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Canada. Some splendid musical numbers were on the program, including "O my Father," "Home Love," "There is Plenty to Do," "School thy Feelings," "One Day Nearer Home," "I Need Thee Every Hour," by the Milwaukee Quartet Club. Other songs were a solo by Mrs. Margaret Soule, a violin solo by Elder F. M. Mortensen, and a select solo by Elder E. A. Paxman. Public meetings were held Saturday evening at 7:30, and Sunday at 2 and 7:30 p.m.

Elder Samuel O. Bennion, of Taylorsville, has been appointed to succeed Elder James G. Duffin as the president of the Central States mission, with head-quarters at Kansas City. The mission was turned over to Elder Bennion on November 1. President Duffin with Elders Hyrum M. Smith and Chas. H. Hart, held conference at St. Johns, in Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana, at Kelsey, Tex., and in Kansas City, during the month of October. Good instructions were given, and the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance in all the meetings. Elder Duffin, who has presided over the mission for six and one-half years, which does not include six months that he labored in the state of Texas as a traveling elder and president of a conference before taking charge of the mission, returns to his home in Provo, Utah, with the love and confidence of every missionary who has labored under him during this long time, and with the best wishes and love of the Saints of that mission, and the good will of the men of the world with whom he had business relations. A brief partial report of the mission during his incumbency is found in another column.

Elder John Nash, of Brisbane, sends the following message to the ERA:

Aside from the benefits arising from the performing of a mission in preaching the everlasting gospel to those who are in darkness that comes to all, there are, I believe, benefits derived from a mission to Australia that are not had in any other mission in the world. This is a broad statement, yet I believe it to be true. In the first place, there is a reluctance in going so far away from home, which, when overcome, brings a blessing in a richer outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the head of the young elder who has had the courage to accept the call, and not ask to be transferred to some place nearer home. Then there is the long distance, and the varied modes of traveling. The splendid palace cars with which he commences his journey from Salt Lake City, the ocean palaces that are to be his home for three weeks or a month, (a time never to be forgotten) of which he grows so tired; then the little cooped up trains in which he concludes his journey, after spending a few days in Sidney, if he feels he has had enough water; or the little rough coast steamers by which he reaches his field of labor, if he prefers to travel by water. All these are times never to be forgotten, and develop in the

young missionary an appreciation for the conditions that surround his mountain home. Before he has reached his field of labor he has had the privilege of crossing the torrid zone and to land in a place as far south of the equator as his home is north. In passing the different islands he has seen the varied plant life and productions of the tropical regions, and, if he is energetic and watchful he has procured samples and curios from these parts that will ever bring up in remembrance the scenes through which he has passed. He has met with different races of people. In fact, a trip to Australia, and a sojourn for several years in that land, brings him in contact with nearly every race on the globe, unless it be the Eskimo. He has learned more or less of their habits and characteristics, and again appreciates the fact of being blessed in birth and religion. When he arrives in his field of labor, he has an abiding faith in the gospel which he represents, and believes it to be true, with all his heart; yet he hasn't the least idea what the world really believes, or how to defend his doctrine from the arguments of man-made systems of religion. On his first day's round of tracting, he meets some one who is ready to do him battle for religion's sake, and he returns home that day "a sadder but a wiser man." There is a sort of pre-occupied air about that young man for several days, a deep delving into books, especially the Bible, and when the next week comes around and he again goes over his district, he returns with satisfaction written on his face. He has met his first opposition, and has come off victorious. He has learned that there is another religious system in the world, and what its principles are. So, day by day, he meets new doctrines, and sees, as he compares the one he represents with the others, how grand, gracious and ennobling are the truths of the gospel of the Son of God. In Australia he will meet nearly every doctrine taught in the world, and therefore gains a broader understanding of religion, and proves to himself that the true gospel will withstand every argument brought against it. Then, again, he is so far away from home that there is no use of getting homesick, no chance to get home until released honorably, or money comes from home to pay his passage, and he will die first, rather than show the white feather, so he goes to work with zeal and energy immediately, and continues steadfastly in his labors until he is surprised to find his time is up and an honorable release is in his hands. He has put his whole trust in his Heavenly Father, and has been abundantly blessed. He finds that he is among a broad-minded people, who, as a rule, are religiously inclined, and as a rule, do not condemn him unheard, yet will not accept his message unquestioned. He returns home a broad-minded, liberal-hearted man, willing to accord to every man the right to believe as he may wish, thoroughly grounded in his faith, and with an unfaltering trust in his Heavenly Father. He is ready now for the battle of life, an honest, sober, upright man, one whom the Lord delights to own and bless.

IN LIGHTER MOOD.

Mr. Hopeful—"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now. I've taken a house by the river."

Miss Golightly—"Oh, I hope you'll drop in some day."

Cora—"Jack proposed to me this morning when we were automobiling."

Edna—"Oh you mustn't mind. He's excusable. He only bought the machine yesterday, and didn't know what he was driving at."

"When I was starting in business in Cleveland," said John D. Rockefeller, "I had a bright little office boy whom I tried to keep busy, as a boy ought to be."

"One hot August afternoon as I was starting out to collect a bill, I said to the little chap, 'Well, I suppose the bookkeeper has told you what to do this afternoon?'"

"'Yessir,' piped the youngster; 'I'm to wake him up jes' as soon as I see you comin' back.'"

A Boston minister once noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked with fatherly interest.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling an untruth."

"'Youse win,'" chorused the urchins. "'The dog's yours, mister.'"

A new story relates that a boy said at breakfast that he knew the name of the beau sister had in the parlor last night. It was George Dont. He had heard her call him George Dont a dozen times or more.—*Kansas City Journal*.

The story is told of two Trenton men who hired a horse and trap for a little outing not long ago. Upon reaching their destination, the horse was unharnessed and permitted peacefully to graze while the men fished for an hour or two.

When they were ready to go home, a difficulty at once presented itself, inasmuch as neither of the Trentonians knew how to reharness the horse. Every effort in this direction met with dire failure, and the worst problem was properly to adjust the bit. The horse himself seemed to resent the idea of going into harness again.

Finally one of the friends, in great disgust, sat down in the road. "There's only one thing we can do, Bill," he said.

"What's that?" asked Bill.

"Wait for the foolish beast to yawn!"—*Outing*.

OUR WORK.

M. I. A. FUND.

Envelopes for distribution to the officers of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the various stakes of Zion, have been sent to the superintendents of stakes. We trust that the superintendents will lose no time in distributing these envelopes to their ward presidents with the necessary instructions for the collection of the Fund. This should be done in ample time for the first collection during the first week in December, and the first week in February. All remittances for the fund should be sent to the superintendency of the stake, or the person designated by them to attend to this business. On receipt of the amounts from the wards, the funds should be promptly forwarded to the General Secretary with list of the wards, and amounts paid in each case. The envelopes sent will suffice for both collections, in December and February. The stake superintendents are urged to look after this matter, so that as high a percentage as possible may be collected in their stakes for the Improvement Fund this year.

ABOUT THE ERA.

President Heber J. Grant has taken great interest in the circulation of the ERA, and has written a large number of letters to presidents of stakes and bishops, soliciting their assistance in obtaining subscriptions for the magazine to the amount of 5 per cent of their Church population in each stake. It will interest the brethren to whom he has written, and the readers of the ERA generally, to know his estimate of the value of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and for that reason we take pleasure in printing the following letter written to the General Secretary. His good opinion is heartily endorsed by the Secretary, and will, we think, be endorsed by many of our readers. We trust that all will assist us in the circulation of our magazine:

Dear Brother Anderson:—I am enclosing a lot of letters to mail to presidents of stakes and bishops. I will send you some more next mail or the mail following. To tell you the truth, I am surprised that one has to call the attention of the leading brethren to the lack of support of the ERA. If the presidents and bishops knew just how valuable it is to their people to read President Smith's editorials,

and how much unity and support they would have from the saints if there were more ERAS taken in their stakes and wards, there would be no need of work to get an increased subscription.

Personally, I would not do without the valuable instructions in the ERA for ten times the price of the subscription. Many complain that they can get a larger eastern paper for less, but this only shows that they do not know how to estimate real value. Life eternal is the pearl of great price that we are after, and little if anything to aid us in securing it is to be found in the eastern magazines, if they do print more matter; but much is printed that will cause us to lose this, the greatest of all of God's gifts to man. If the ERA had done nothing but supply the elders in the mission fields with the magazine free, it is worthy of the support of *all* of the Saints. From 1,600 to 1,800 papers free to the elders per annum is no small matter, and the Saints should appreciate this, and support the ERA to show their appreciation. Once more sending love and best wishes, I remain, sincerely your friend and brother,

H. J. GRANT.

Liverpool, Oct. 10, 1906.

CONJOINT M. I. A. CONFERENCES.

The General Boards M. I. A., have named the following dates for the annual M. I. A. conferences throughout the Church. Superintendents of stakes are requested to make the necessary arrangements for holding these gatherings, and in case there is need to change the date, notification should be sent to the General Secretary immediately. The General Board will aim to have a representative at as many of the conferences as possible; but in case no member of the Board is present, the officers are requested to conduct the conference in the best manner that their experience may dictate. It is understood that the Young Ladies should be given an opportunity to occupy one-half of the time. The program should be prepared by conjoint officers meeting of stake officers, and should be indicative of the work of the associations, supplemented by music, reports, and general instructions.

Blanks have been sent to the stake officers, and they are requested to report the conferences upon these blanks, in case no representative of the General Board is present. The attention of the superintendents is called to the monthly reports, and it is hoped that they will insist upon their ward presidents reporting to them promptly each month on the blanks provided, and then report their stakes to the General Secretary.

M. I. A. CONJOINT CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS FOR 1906-1907.

December 9—Emery, Juab, Malad.

December 16—Panguitch, South Davis, Beaver.

January 13—Oneida, North Davis, South Sanpete, Parowan, Hyrum.

January 19—Jordan, Bear Lake, Wasatch, Bingham.

January 27—Benson, Granite, Millard, Big Horn.

February 10—Morgan, North Sanpete, Alpine, Tooele.

February 17—San Luis, Pocatello, Sevier, Union.

February 24—Ensign, Bannock, Utah, Fremont, Star Valley.
March 10—Cache, Teton, Nebo, Salt Lake, Blackfoot, Taylor.
March 17—Summit, Alberta, Liberty, Pioneer.
March 24—Cassia, Woodruff.
May 12—Box Elder.
May 19—Weber.

The conferences of Wayne, St. George, San Juan, Kanab, and Uintah will be held in connection with the stake conferences.

Snowflake, St. Johns, Maricopa, St. Joseph, and Juarez are to fix their own dates and notify the General Boards

EDWARD H. ANDERSON, General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A.	JOSEPH F. SMITH, Gen'l Sup't Y. M. M. I. A.
ANN M. CANNON, Secretary Y. L. M. I. A.,	MARTHA H. TINGEY, President Y. L. M. I. A.

EXCUSE HUNTERS.

I regret that so many of our boys are doing their Mutual Improvement work in a very irregular, haphazard, slouchy way. This course is very bad for any boy, especially between the ages of fourteen and twenty; therefore, I would urge our junior class teachers to keep their eyes wide open, not entirely on the subject matter which they are presenting, but on the boy, himself; keep a personal tab on the boy; watch him and see what he is doing; and how is his attendance? Is it regular or irregular? If you will just let a boy come and go as he pleases for the five or six years that you have him in the junior class, he will turn out to be a first class dilly-dally sort of a person who cannot be relied upon. See if he is there on time each night, and making a record for himself.

With regard to their lessons and punctuality, when they fail to come to meeting on time, and when they come unprepared, they always say there is something wrong. Let us kill off the excuse hunters; get them in the habit of doing their work so there will be no need of excuse hunting: If something has occurred so a member cannot get there on time, he can state the reason, and he does not have to hunt for an excuse. That is what counts with a boy. I remember, years ago, of becoming acquainted with a horse trainer, and it seemed to me that I got more valuable thoughts from that horse trainer than I got from the professors of pedagogy. Of all the horses this man trained, there was not one in twenty that was not reliable. He simply kept a horse repeating what he wanted him to do, and it became a matter of habit. He never gave him more than he could do, but brought it on by degrees, until, finally, you could hitch him to a tree and he would not give up, because he had been used to pulling everything he was hitched on to. This thought can be applied to our work. If you let a boy fail, you weaken his confidence in himself, and he becomes a failure. Failure is largely a habit, and success is largely a habit; nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failing.

DOUGLAS M. TODD.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

The President's Visit to Panama.—The Chief Executive of our nation, who has just paid a visit to the Isthmus of Panama, has broken one of the precedents that have been observed by former presidents of the United States. While there is no constitutional provision which would prevent the Chief Executives of our nation visiting foreign soil, it has nevertheless, been deemed prudent in the past by them, to remain during the term of their office within the confines of the country over which they preside.

President Roosevelt has taken a very lively interest in the great canal. So far as the work may proceed under his administration, he is extremely anxious that it be done with dispatch, that it be free from graft, and that no public scandal shall be attached to the most gigantic piece of work undertaken by our country. Already, newspaper correspondents are beginning to throw discredit upon the administration and work of the canal. It is quite natural, therefore, that Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to learn something about the real status of the situation there with his own eyes and ears. From reports, he is well pleased with the progress and conduct of the work.

Japanese Children in our Public Schools.—A short time ago the Board of Education in San Francisco promulgated an order excluding oriental children, namely, those of Chinese, Korean, and Japanese origin, from the regular public schools of that city. The order was accompanied by a provision that separate schools be established for these orientals. The order was at once observed by both the Chinese and Koreans, but the Japanese, who are very much more sensitive to national discrimination of such a character, at once withdrew their children from the school, and entered a protest to the Japanese Consul at San Francisco, and at the same time began a suit to test the validity of such an order.

Our treaty with Japan recognized the rights of the Japanese to the enjoyment of the public institutions of our country, as well as to the rights of trade. Such a discrimination will, therefore, give rise to some very delicate and technical questions between that empire and our country. The government of the United States is divided, and its powers are exercised by Federal and state governments. Questions of education have from the beginning of our republic been

regarded as purely local, and coming wholly within the principle of State Rights. Now, however, we find a city acting in such a manner as to really nullify, at least the spirit, if not the actual words, of the treaty entered into between the United States and Japan. This fine discrimination in the exercises of power by the states and the General Government is not, as a rule, understood by the Japanese, and most of them would be unable to comprehend it.

Just at this time, San Francisco is governed by the labor element, whose organizations are strongly opposed, not only to the Chinese, but also to the Japanese laborers. The Japanese have found California an excellent field for their industry. The little Japs throng the great fruit-growing centers of the golden state in large numbers. Now that Japan has won her way to proud distinction in the eyes of the civilized world, and has made such rapid strides in education, it is not likely she will submit to such humiliating discriminations without some strong and effective protest.

Meeting House Burned.—On Thursday morning, November 1, a fire completely destroyed the new ward meeting house, at Tabor, Alta, Canada. All the furniture went with it, including an organ, a piano, chairs, books, library, Sunday School and Primary records, and a \$35 sacrament set. All was destroyed except a few benches which were on the outside. It will be a great loss to the people in that district, and their friends can only wish that they will be blessed in a temporal way to speedily regain all that they have lost.

The Coming Douma.—Russia is preparing to give her subjects another parliament, called, in the language of the country, the Douma. The one which was prorogued some time ago was too clamorous for popular demands which the Czar and his advisers were unwilling to grant, and so was dismissed, and the country was pacified in some measure by the promise that a new election for a new Douma should be held. Power to diminish the franchise and to establish rules for the regulation of the election has been conferred upon the Russian Senate. It is really the creature of the Czar and his advisers, and the exercise of this power by the Senate is final. No appeal can be taken from its decrees. As a result, the franchise is very greatly limited. Certain classes of railroad and other government employees are not allowed to vote. The peasants will not enjoy a franchise so general and broad as that which enabled them to take part in the last election. It looks very much as though the bureaucracy of Russia was determined to whittle down the rights of voting in such a manner as to secure for the coming Douma a class of men who would yield to the imperial will. In the meantime, revolutionary bandits carry on sudden, swift and unprovoked raids. In Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Mitau, Baku, Tiflis, and other places, every man carries his life in his hands, and the landowners in the country know not the day or hour when the raiders shall choose to torture and kill them and theirs. These raiders are often mere lads, truant schoolboys, who carry death-dealing revolvers. Then we hear of the government capturing them, and, notwithstanding they are mere children, ordering the soldiery to shoot them. But it is astonishing how really little change there is in the two capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg. There it is said, one might

live for months and not witness any firing, or stabbing, or fighting in the streets. It appears now that all parties are moving towards radicalism, and the fate of the monarchy will depend upon whether the new Douma is to be revolutionary or pliable.

Hudson River Tunnel.—This engineering feat was completed in October. The tunnel was built under the Hudson River by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and was begun five years ago. Its purpose is to land passengers directly in New York City, instead of on the New Jersey shore of the river. The work involved the driving of two enormous steel tubes, 23 feet in diameter, for 6,000 feet under water. When the shields were 125 feet apart the work was stopped, in order that a test might be made of the accuracy with which the work had been done, and it was found that the tubes were only one-eighth of an inch out of alignment and three-quarters of an inch out of grade—a deviation so slight as to admit of a perfect meeting of the bores.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis Dead.—On the 16th of October Varina Howard Davis, widow of the President of the Southern Confederacy, died, aged eighty. She married Mr. Davis in 1845, and remained his devoted companion through his political career at Washington, 1847-61; during his presidency of the Confederacy 1861-65; and during his second year's imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, and until his death in 1889. She published a memoir of his life in 1890.

Cabinet Changes.—It has been announced from Washington that several changes will soon take place in President Roosevelt's cabinet. Attorney-General Moody will retire in January, and will be succeeded by Mr. Bonaparte, now Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Bonaparte's place will be filled by Mr. Metcalf, now at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Oscar Solomon Straus of New York, who has twice been minister to Turkey, will succeed Mr. Metcalf. In March, Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, will retire, and Mr. Cortelyou, now Postmaster-General, will succeed him. Mr. George von L. Myer, of Massachusetts, will take Mr. Cortelyou's place at the head of the Postoffice Department. Mr. Straus is a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague. He is in his 56th year. Mr. Myer, who is 48 years old, was ambassador to Italy from 1900 to 1905, when he was appointed ambassador to Russia. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, for eight years Secretary of the Interior, has voluntarily retired, and Commissioner of Corporations James R. Garfield, son of the late President Garfield, has been chosen to succeed him, March 4th.

Died.—On Tuesday, October 2, Mrs. Bodil Kjar, a citizen of Manti since 1873, and its oldest resident, born in Denmark 96 years ago.—In Salt Lake City, 4th, Rachel Helm, born Utah, July 20, 1855, a faithful and active member of the Church and wife of Andrew D. Helm.—In Santa Monica, Cal., Wednesday, September 26, William C. Moody, born Alabama 1819, joined the Church in Texas, 1850, and came to Utah in 1853; he was a colonizer and pioneer, and a resident of Thatcher, Ariz.—In Indiana, about October 11, on a mission, Nephi M. Perkins, president of the Indiana Conference, born Franklin, Idaho, May 1, 1867, a resident

of Dayton, Idaho; he leaves a wife and several children.—In Ogden, Friday, October 5, Annie Bowring, daughter of the late H. E. Bowring, Brigham City, and for 20 years bookkeeper for J. G. McDonald Candy Co.—In Baker City, Oregon, Wednesday, September 26, William Swansea Lewis, born England, January 24, 1835; he joined the Church in 1849, came to Utah in 1856, and taught school in Moroni, North Ogden, Kaysville, Malad, Ogden and other cities where he is well known; a resident of Baker City since 1897.—In Salt Lake City, in a street car accident, Judge Charles W. Bennett, founder of the old law firm of Bennett and Harkness, an able jurist, born New York, October 14, 1833, and came to Salt Lake City in 1871, the great Chicago fire having wiped out his business in that city where he practiced in the firm of Bentler, Bennett, Ulman and Ives.—In Taylorsville, Salt Lake Co., Wednesday, October 24, Susan Sneath Harker, the first woman to cross the Jordan river, a pioneer of 1847, born England, June 20, 1821, came to America in 1845, and joined the Church in Winterquarters.—In Salt Lake City, Saturday, 13th, Thomas Marshall, a leading lawyer of the west, and a resident of Salt Lake for over 40 years, born Kentucky, Aug. 25, 1834.—In Ogden, Monday, 15th, William McGregor, born Glasgow, Scotland, Oct. 4, 1842 came to Utah in 1850, a faithful member of the Church.—In Cedar Valley, Utah co., Sunday, 14th, Eli Bennett, a pioneer, and bishop of Cedar Valley for 24 years, born Tennessee, Nov. 26, 1831, came to Utah in 1852.—In Cardston, Canada, Saturday, 13th, Mary Ann Atkins Hymas, born England, 1815, joined the Church in 1854, and came to Utah in 1861, settling in Tooele, and later in Bear Lake, but a resident of Canada since 1898. She left 100 grand children and 153 great grand children and 5 children of the 5th generation.

November Elections.—The Republican ticket at the election November 6, was victorious in the State of Utah by large majorities in nearly every county. It won in Salt Lake County by about 2,000 plurality, though Salt Lake City was carried by a small vote, about 800, for the "American" party, about 200 decrease from their vote of last year. Weber, Utah, Davis, Summit, Sevier, and other leading counties of the state, went largely Republican. Hon. Joseph Howell for Congress and Hon. Jos. E. Frick for Justice of the Supreme Court, who headed the Republican ticket, were elected by large majorities. The constitutional amendment: Shall state funds be used to help high schools? carried in Salt Lake county by a vote of Yes, 3,410, as against No, 2,875; and the other amendment: Shall mortgages be exempt from taxation? by a vote of Yes, 4,893, against No, 1,687, which is undoubtedly an indication of how the amendments fared in the state. In New York, Chas. E. Hughes, the insurance inquisitor, for Governor, carried the state by a plurality of 62,000, though the city went for Hearst, the Democratic candidate for the same office. In Idaho, Senator Fred T. Dubois, who advocated the Democratic cause, with his principal issue an Anti-Mormon resolution, and a desire to succeed himself in the senate, was defeated, and Hon. W. E. Borah will be elected to his place. Governor Gooding was reelected. Returns from 42 states where Congressional elections were held, insure Republican control of Congress by a majority of 56, as against 112 in the present Congress. The

joint statehood of Arizona and New Mexico was defeated by the adverse vote of Arizona.

A Correction.—Elder Rudger Clawson desires to correct a wrong report of his statement at the late semi-annual conference, in which it is said: "During this season 105 car loads of peaches were shipped out of Brigham City alone, from which over \$100,000 were realized." What he said in substance was: "from which about \$50,000 were realized, with another \$50,000 for berries and other fruits, making a total of about \$100,000." The wrong statement has appeared in several prints, and in an article on "Peach Day" in the November ERA.

Central States Mission.—During the time that Elder James G. Duffin presided in the Central States Mission, the following work was done and changes made. This embraces a period of six and a half years, and does not include six months that he labored in the State of Texas as a traveling elder and president of a conference, before taking charge of the mission. The work done as expressed by statistics, for the six and a-half years, is as follows, as given by Elder Duffin at the late semi-annual conference, and later in a report to the First Presidency:

Families of strangers visited for the first time in presenting the gospel, 709,-314; families revisited, 55,226; visits to members of the Church, 64,994; gospel conversations, 738,879; tracts distributed, 1,146,848; books disposed of, 54,349; books loaned, 14,807; meetings held, 43,036; attendance at the meetings, 944,798; baptisms performed, 1,808; and children blessed, 1,576.

The smallest number of pages of reading matter contained in any tract distributed is sixteen, all other tracts contain from thirty-two to forty-four pages with neat, illustrated cover. Of the sixteen-page tracts, 46,848 have been distributed, which would leave 1,100,000 tracts of thirty-two and forty-four pages, or a total pages of tract literature distributed of 35,949,568. The smallest number of pages contained in the books distributed is 102, and they range from this up to 1,000. Taking an average of book pages distributed, we get 24,500,000, which, added to the pages of reading matter contained, in the tracts distributed, gives a grand total of 60,449,000 pages of reading matter distributed in the mission, during the period of six and a half years. In addition to this, thousands of copies of the *Deseret News*, *Improvement Era*, *Juvenile Instructor*, *Young Woman's Journal*, *Elders' Journal*, and other publications, have been distributed.

Since January, 1901, there have been published by the mission the following number of books: Book of Mormon, 11,500; this was the first edition published by the missions in the United States. *Voice of Warning*, 20,000; Cowley's *Talks on Doctrine*, 5,980. Tracts published, 1,923,000, one half million of which have been sent to other missions; 250,000 Article of Faith cards.

The number of missionaries laboring in the mission, during the above period, was 515; of this number two remained in the mission one month, one remained two months, three remained three months, three remained six months, two remained four months, and three ten months, the balance served from fifteen to thirty

months in the mission field. Of the missionaries that returned home under the time that might be called a full missionary term, but two deserted their fields of labor, and not one returned home by reason of impropor association while in the mission field. Failing health of the missionary himself, or sickness or death of loved ones at home, have been the principal causes of their early return home.

In October, 1900, the states of Missouri and Louisiana were added to the mission, and, in December of the same year, the headquarters of the mission were removed from St. John, Kansas, to Kansas City, Mo. The mission now embraces the states of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma including Indian Territory.

The following buildings are now owned by the Saints and the Church, in the mission. Two good meeting houses in the state of Kansas, two in Indian Territory, three in Texas, two in Louisiana, and two in Arkansas. Seven of these have been built since 1901, without cost to the Church. There has been secured for Church purposes real estate in the states of Kansas, Missouri and Texas. In Texas a strong colony has been established, at which point, Kelsey, Upshur Co., a town was laid out in November, 1902, by Elders Owen A. Woodruff and James G. Duffin. At this place there are now about three hundred and fifty members of the Church. A good day-school with two competent teachers, Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Association and Relief Society, are in good working order. In East Kansas, another flourishing branch has been established, which now has a membership of between seventy and eighty. The Sunday school work is in good condition throughout the mission, there being now something over twenty schools in successful operation.

A very important work accomplished during the past four years has been the revising of all the records of the mission, genealogical, historical, and statistical. To complete this work took three years of time. These records are as follows:

CONFERENCE RECORDS.

- 8 Genealogical records in use at present time,
- 8 Historical records in use at present time.
- 8 Statistical records in use at present time.
- 42 General and Statistical records—Completed.
- 4 Historical records—Completed.
- 6 Sunday School records.

MISSION RECORDS.

- 1 Genealogical record in use at present time.
- 1 Statistical record in use at present time.
- 1 Historical record in use at present time.

The North Pole.—Commander Robert E. Peary, of the U. S. Navy reached Hopedale, Labrador, on his return from a search for the North Pole, November 2, and Sandy Point, N. F., November 20. He left July 26, 1905, in the steamship *Roosevelt*, sailing from Sydney, Cape Breton. While he did not reach the pole, he achieved the distinction of reaching 87 deg. 6 min. north latitude, which is the farthest north reached by any explorer, and is within 203 statute miles of the pole. The Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, in 1900, stands next with 237 statute miles.

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